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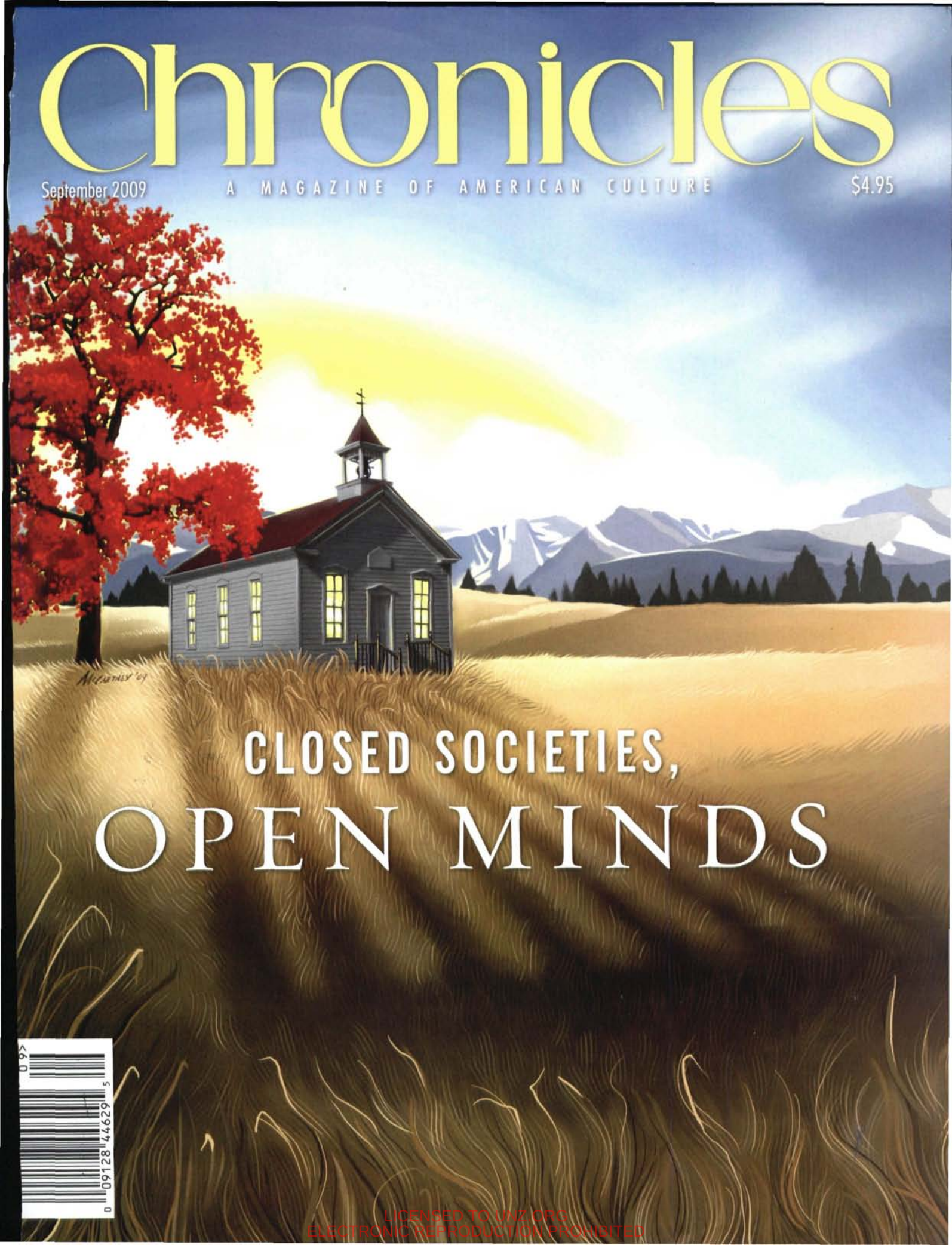

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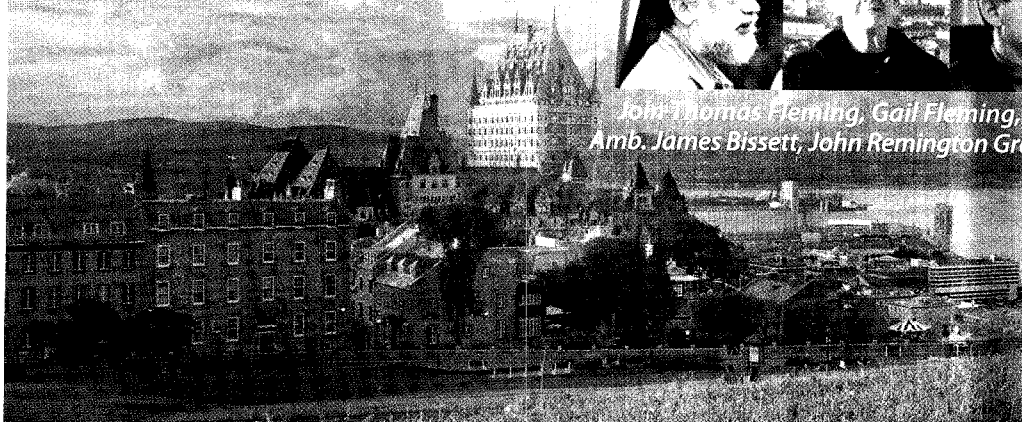

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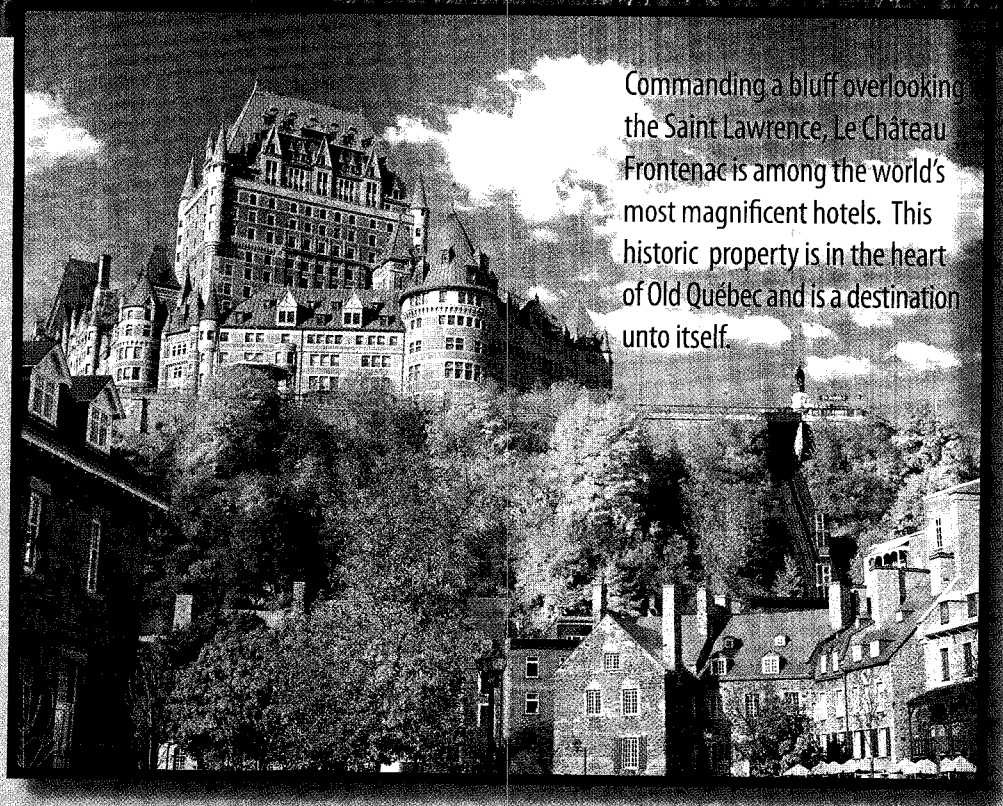

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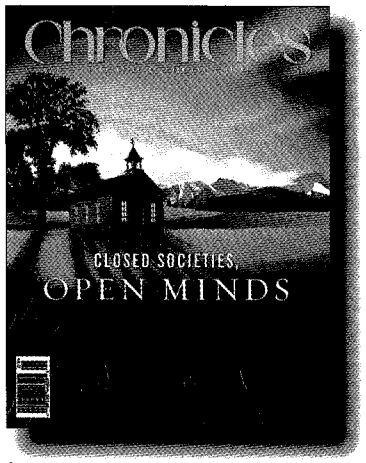

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EDITOR
Thomas Fleming

EXECUTIVE EDITOR
Scott P. Richert

SENIOR EDITOR, BOOKS
Chilton Williamson, Jr.

ASSOCIATE EDITOR
Aaron D. Wolf

ASSISTANT EDITOR
Nicole M. Kooistra

DESIGNER
Melanie Anderson

INTERIOR ARTIST
George McCartney, Jr.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Katherine Dalton, Tom Landess, Tom Piatak, Joseph Sobran, James O. Tate, Taki Theodoracopulos, Clyde Wilson

CORRESPONDING EDITORS
Wayne Allensworth, Donald Livingston, Roger D. McGrath, William Mills, William Murchison, Claude Polin

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FILM EDITOR
George McCartney

LEGAL-AFFAIRS EDITOR
Stephen B. Presser

POETRY EDITOR
Catharine Savage Brosman

CIRCULATION MANAGER
Cindy Link

PUBLISHER
The Rockford Institute

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Website: *www.chroniclesmagazine.org*
Editorial Phone: (815) 964-5054.
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Mexico Way

A NOVEL BY

Chilton Williamson, Jr.

When retired U.S. Customs Bureau inspector Samuel Adams White (to his ex-wife, "the most boring human being") is abducted south of the border by Mexican drug smugglers, he is given the chance to flee for his life. Desperately trying to reach the border, he is pursued across the deserts of rural Mexico. Through a series of hair-raising adventures, the inspector discovers self-reliance, resourcefulness, the reality of the natural world—and of romance. The reader discovers the profound differences, as well as their origins and implications, between Mexican culture and that of El Norte, her neighbor across the Rio Grande. The tale is suffused with Williamson's understanding of and sympathy for a people among whom he is well traveled.

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by William J. Quirk

The Gamblers' Club

On July 15 Goldman Sachs reported that its second-quarter profits were the highest in 140 years. It netted $3.4 billion on $13.4 billion in revenue (78 percent of which came from trading and principal investments and 11 percent from investment banking). Exactly which trades brought in such large profits is said to be proprietary. It retained $6.6 billion as compensation—a very high ratio of pay to revenue (48 percent). Average compensation at Goldman Sachs will be $700,000 per employee, up from $661,000 in pre-crisis 2007.

JPMorgan Chase also reported record profits.

Both banks were aided by TARP loans and by FDIC guarantees; the FDIC guaranteed $28 billion of Goldman Sachs bonds (*Financial Times*, April 16) and $40.4 billion of JPMorgan Chase (*Wall Street Journal*, July 14). The FDIC guarantees allowed Goldman Sachs and JPMorgan Chase to issue their debt at very low interest rates. The *New York Times* (July 19) asked an interesting question: "If these companies can return to the festivities so quickly, were they really having the near-death experience they and the government claimed?" To which we might add: If taxpayers shared the downside, why shouldn't they be sharing the upside?

How are the banks making so much money? The comptroller of the currency reports that, for the first quarter of 2009, JPMorgan Chase held $81 trillion in derivatives and Goldman Sachs held $40 trillion. U.S. commercial banks held a total of $202 trillion; the top five held $193 trillion—96 percent. On July 10, Bloomberg News reported that upward of 40 percent of the profits of the big banks is earned from fixed-income derivatives. The comptroller reports that U.S. commercial banks, for the first quarter, recorded revenues of $9.8 billion in trading cash and derivative instruments. Just two large banks, JPMorgan Chase and Goldman Sachs, hold $121 trillion of the derivatives, which amounts to 60 percent of all derivatives held by banks ($202 trillion) and almost 20 percent of all outstanding derivatives ($680 trillion).

Derivatives, we all remember, are the Doomsday Machine, or what Warren Buffett famously called the "weapons of financial mass destruction." Most analysts think it was derivatives that destroyed the securities market and then the country's economy. What are our banks doing with them?

Actually, what we still think of as banks aren't banks anymore: They are gambling clubs. For example, the *Wall Street Journal* (June 9) reports that a credit-default swap (CDS) is available that will pay out if Citigroup defaults on its bonds within the next five years. The buyer (bettor) pays $3.45 million initially and $500,000 annually for the next four years to the seller (the house). The buyer (bettor) may have to pay $5.45 million for the right to receive $10 million if Citigroup defaults. The betting odds are about 2 to 1. What is the social purpose of that? Why are bankers making or taking bets? Worse, since Paulson, Bernanke, and Geithner used taxpayer funds in September 2008 to bail out AIG (allowing AIG to pay Goldman Sachs 100 cents on the dollar on its winning bets, which totaled $13 billion), the market now assumes the U.S. taxpayer will continue to make good all winning bets. These gambling clubs are quite exclusive. Has any reader ever seen a derivative or been asked to buy one? In our bankers' Monte Carlo, you, Dear Reader, help to guarantee that the House will pay off.

The derivatives market is vast ($680 trillion) and opaque. Just like before the Crisis, the CDS market operates over the counter (OTC), meaning that only the two parties to the contract know what's in it.

"Credit Default Swaps grow like mushrooms in the dark," says Grigori Marchenko, governor of Kazakhstan's central bank. Why is Kazakhstan's central banker concerned about CDSs? Because they may be dragging down the country's two major banks. Between 2004 and 2007, Western banks, including Morgan Stanley, rushed to provide financing to Kazakh banks to fund Kazakhstan's building boom. Some of them, including Morgan Stanley, purchased CDSs to protect themselves against potential losses on the outstanding Kazakh loans. And some, including Morgan Stanley, may have bought more swaps than they had loans outstanding—meaning they would benefit if the Kazakh banks defaulted. Kazakhstan is now trying desperately to restructure her banks, but she suspects that the Western banks, including Morgan Stanley, are not cooperating. "I don't think anyone was prepared for what has happened here," says Mr. Marchenko. "There is a new class of financial institutions now who are speculating that BTA [and others] go into a default . . . rather than in keeping the bank as a going concern." Goldman Sachs was an advisor to the Kazakhstan government but resigned for reasons the *Financial Times* calls "unclear." Does it bother anyone that Morgan Stanley may be undermining the banks of a strategic U.S. ally?

On June 17, President Obama unveiled what he called his "sweeping overhaul" of the financial markets. The accompanying White Paper, according to the *New York Times*, mirrors the recommendation of the CDS Dealers Consortium, a group formed last November by the largest derivative dealers to oppose any regulation of the market that would affect their profits. Let the games continue. And just to keep things fair, the consortium recommends that some—but not all—of the derivatives should be cleared through an exchange.

Christopher Whalen, cofounder

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of Institutional Risk Analytics, a Los Angeles-based risk-consultancy firm, testified on June 22 to the Securities Subcommittee of the Senate Banking Committee that the Chicago Commodities Exchange has, for many years, traded futures in interest rates, currency, oil, wheat, and so on. If Southwest Airlines wants to lock in the price of gas next winter, it can buy a future. A cash price exists for this transaction on the Chicago Exchange. So there is no problem if Southwest wants to buy such an option OTC from a bank. The problem comes with credit-default swaps and collateralized debt obligations (CDOs), and other complex securitized instruments. There is no basis for pricing those. Yet OTC derivative trading is the "leading source of profits" for banks such as JPMorgan Chase, Bank of America, and Goldman Sachs. Indeed, many of their traditional banking operations "are marginal in terms of returns on invested capital." The big banks are dependent on income from derivatives, since these instruments are the "last remaining source of supranormal profits." Whalen believes that, without the "excessive rents" earned on derivatives, the big banks would need to shrink dramatically.

Whalen admitted that the derivatives market itself depends on "increasing risk and then shifting that bigger risk to the least savvy market participants. . . . AIG was the most visible 'sucker' identified by Wall Street . . ."

Now that AIG has left the field, who is the big sucker today?

Treasury Secretary Geithner gave testimony to the House Agriculture Committee on July 10 regarding the Obama administration's proposal to regulate the OTC derivatives market. Geithner declared that derivatives were not the "sole or principal cause of the crisis." He did not say what the sole or principal cause was. In fact, the only effective reform is to restore the Glass-Steagall Act, which was repealed under the Clinton administration in 1999. Glass-Steagall would close down the bankers' Monte Carlo. The administration's proposal, as Geithner testified, intends to legalize derivatives. Obama's reforms do not require credit derivatives to be made fully transparent so the public can follow credit premiums like stock prices. Instead, they rely on regulation to prevent any future problem. The Obama plan even proposes installing a super-regulator to guard against "systemic risk"—an undefined term—even in nonbank institutions. Regulation, of course, is what just failed. Bernie Madoff single-handedly destroyed any credibility government regulation might have had. The banks want to continue their gambling as usual. The administration's illusory reforms tolerate and legalize that.

The problem with the Obama reforms is that they are not based on a reasonable analysis of the cause of the crisis. Thomas M. Hoenig, president of the Federal Reserve Bank of Kansas City, said as much before the Joint Economic Committee on April 21:

> It is critical that we correctly diagnose the cause of this crisis. The structure of our regulatory system is neither the cause nor the solution. These "too big to fail" institutions are not only too big; they are too complex and too politically influential to supervise on a sustained basis without a clear set of rules constraining their actions. When the recession ends, old habits will reemerge.

William J. Quirk is the author, most recently, of Courts & Congress. *Janek Kazmierski, a third-year law student, gave invaluable assistance in the preparation of this article.*

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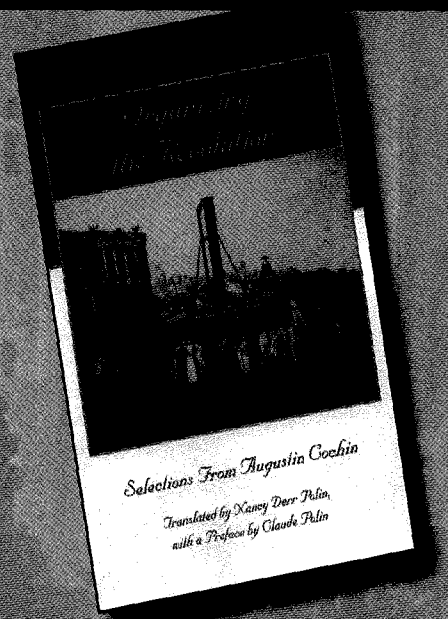

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BANKING ON FRAUD

The insight at the core of the conservative disposition—that the future is invariably worse than the past—enjoys daily confirmation as the economic crisis deepens. It seems that in many respects we have entered a new world, which, given the circumstances of its birth, is sure to be rather grim.

We got a good glimpse at that grimness in the testimony of former Secretary of the Treasury Hank Paulson before the House Oversight Committee on the rationale behind the bank bailout. According to the *Independent*, as Lehman Brothers failed last fall, "The Bush Administration and Congress discussed the possibility of a breakdown in law and order and the logistics of feeding US citizens if commerce and banking collapsed.... Paulson said it was important at the time not to reveal the extent of officials' concerns, for fear it would 'terrify the American people and lead to an even bigger problem.'"

A problem *for whom*? Why, for the banks, which had stolen the savings of the American people. Or, as the *Independent* put it, "Mr Paulson testified to the House Oversight Committee on the Bush administration's unpopular $700bn (£426bn) bailout of Wall Street, which was triggered by the failure of Lehman Brothers last September. In the days that followed, a run on some of the safest investment vehicles in the financial markets threatened to make it impossible for people to access their savings."

Before the peasants with pitchforks showed up at the castle gates, the banksters had to come up with the money they had lent and lost, and there was only one possible source: U.S. taxpayers. Like a pickpocket of unusual skill, capable of picking both pockets at once, they got us coming and going, spending their ill-gotten gains and getting bailed out in the end, sticking the *hoi polloi* (that's us) with the bill.

How do you pull off something like that? Easy. Just scare the politicians witless. Paulson's testimony wasn't as revealing as some of the questions. U.S. Rep. Paul Kanjorski, a Pennsylvania Democrat, had some inside details that should have made headlines and didn't: He asked the former Treasury secretary "to reveal details of officials' concerns, which were relayed to Congress in hasty conference calls last year," reports the *Independent*. According to Kanjorski, "The calls included discussion of law and order and whether it would be possible to feed the American people, and for how long."

The public was on the verge of learning the dark secret at the heart of the "capitalist" economy: It is all a hoax. The banks were bankrupt—as, indeed, they always have been, since they are basically insolvent institutions that are engaged in a gigantic fraud. As Murray Rothbard pointed out, "Most commercial banking is 'deposit banking' based on a gigantic scam: the idea, which most depositors believe, that their money is down at the bank, ready to be redeemed in cash at any time."

The imminent collapse of this Ponzi scheme threatened to throw back the curtain on the banking cartel and dramatize quite vividly the Rothbardian insight: "Essentially, they are counterfeiters . . . Banks make money by literally creating money out of thin air, nowadays exclusively deposits rather than bank notes. This sort of swindling or counterfeiting is dignified by the term 'fractional-reserve banking,' which means that bank deposits are backed by only a small fraction of the cash they promise to have at hand and redeem."

Joe Citizen would show up at his bank, stick his ATM card in the slot, and nothing would come out. Faced with this prospect, our rulers were frantically calculating how long before food riots would commence and their own power would be imperiled, not to mention their skins.

The banksters came to the politicians and pointed out that, if they went down, they would all go down together, so Washington had better pony up. "'I looked at the ripple effect, and looked at when a financial system fails, a whole country's economic system can fail,' Mr Paulson said. 'I believe we could have gone back to the sorts of situations we saw in the Depression. I try not to use hyperbole. It's impossible to prove now since it didn't happen.'"

That "ripple effect" would likely have swept away the system that makes the swindle of modern banking possible: the "private" and supersecretive Federal Reserve, at whose head sits the board of governors and the counterfeiter-in-chief. As Paulson told Kanjorski, "If we had a meltdown of the system, this could even lead to chaos or people even questioning the basic system."

Yet the bubble created by the Fed is still in the process of bursting: Paulson and his friends have been granted a reprieve—one that may prove shorter than they hope.

—*Justin Raimondo*

OBAMA GOES TO MOSCOW

President Obama's July trip to Moscow was intended to "reset" U.S.-Russian relations but also suggested that there is a continuing tug-of-war in the administration between realists and "democracy builders" regarding Russia policy.

The struggle was publicly kicked off by the March report of a commission headed by former Sen. Gary Hart and Sen. Chuck Hagel (R-NE), which reflected the *realpolitik* influence of Republican foreign-policy "wise men" such as Henry Kissinger and Brent Scowcroft. The realists favor deemphasizing democracy and human rights in U.S.-Russian relations, giving up a NATO expansion that would include Georgia and Ukraine, and

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rolling back plans to install missile defenses in Eastern Europe. In exchange, the realists hope to secure Russian cooperation in pressuring Tehran over its nuclear program, tapping energy supplies in Central Asia that are in the traditional Russian sphere of influence, opening transit routes to Afghanistan for U.S. personnel and supplies, and concluding a new strategic-arms agreement on reducing nuclear stockpiles.

Secretary of State Hillary Clinton and Michael McFaul, the Obama administration's Russia expert on the National Security Council, are in the democracy-building camp and favor policies not unlike those of the Bush administration, which sorely irritated Moscow and fanned traditional Russian fears of encirclement. It's not clear where other administration officials might fall on the spectrum between realism and democracy building, though we have some clues about where the White House is going in the wake of the Moscow summit.

Before his departure, Obama lent support to President Dmitri Medvedev, who is widely viewed as the subordinate of Premier Vladimir Putin in the "tandem" leadership arrangement, though he has been struggling to expand his "liberal" influence in Moscow. Obama commented that Putin favored "Cold War approaches" and had "one foot in the old ways of doing business and one foot in the new." Obama praised Medvedev's pledges to reform the Russian judicial system and combat corruption but added that he would also meet with Putin, who "still has lots of sway." While in Moscow, Obama opined that the Medvedev-Putin tandem was working effectively, a remark interpreted by some as legitimizing the arrangement and Putin's role, and he began his meeting with Putin by praising his host's achievements as both president and premier. Russian sources claimed that Obama promised to stay in touch regularly with Putin, while the two reportedly discussed strategic matters that are officially in Medvedev's purview. This approach appeared to reflect the realist view that internal Russian politics are not our concern and that Washington's bottom line should be to secure Russian cooperation.

Nevertheless, Russian leaders were disappointed by Obama's decision to meet with human-rights activists and other regime critics, while McFaul told reporters that "We're not going to reassure or give or trade anything with the Russians regarding NATO expansion or missile defense," and "we don't need the Russians, we don't want to trade with them." Nevertheless, many of the Kremlin critics Obama met with were reportedly sorely disappointed when he said that Western rules would not necessarily work in Russia. One observer noted that a number of activists, some of them veteran dissidents of the Soviet era, had their hopes that Obama would put pressure on Moscow regarding human rights and democracy dashed. (Some, however, were happy that Obama met with them: Sergey Mitrokhin of the Yabloko party, for instance, told the President that Russian-American joint projects might encourage authorities to behave better in the domestic sphere.)

It was clear that the Russian side was largely pleased with Obama's stance. Russian television was positive in its coverage of Obama's visit. The United States and Russia signed an "understanding" to continue talks that linked reductions in strategic offensive weapons to defensive systems. Though the wording was vague, Moscow saw this as an opening to exchange a strategic arms deal for a settlement on missile defense, and Obama was clearly signaling that missile defense could be traded for Russian cooperation on other issues. (Obama, for instance, told one audience that if Iran did not develop nuclear weapons, missile defense might not be necessary.) At the same time, Russia agreed to allow transit for U.S. troops and equipment to Afghanistan, something that was high on Obama's agenda.

What Obama might decide to do in the future, and which camp might win the struggle over Russia policy, remain uncertain, but it appears that the realists have the upper hand for now. Obama seems to be lending enough rhetorical support to the democracy-building cause to keep that policy option in the mix as a diplomatic tool in talks with Moscow.

—Wayne Allensworth

THEY GOT AWAY WITH IT

Nearing the third anniversary of their crime, the remaining members of the Jena Six at long last admitted what anyone with any sense knew: They are guilty as charged.

The leader of the pack, Mychal Bell, had already confessed to second-degree battery on December 4, 2007, one year to the day after the attack, and received an 18-month sentence. By entering a no-contest plea, the remaining five admitted that prosecutors had ample evidence to convict them of beating and stomping a white schoolmate at Jena High School in Jena, Louisiana. At the sentencing for the offense of misdemeanor battery, the judge ordered just seven days' probation, plus restitution and court costs, and let one defendant off the hook without paying the fine because of time served.

So they got away with it—by exploiting the justice system's inertia and the media's passion for obviously guilty black criminals.

The facts of the case are as follows: On December 4, 2006, Bell, a black football player and violent criminal, sucker-punched Justin Barker from behind. Once Barker was down, Bell's group began stomping and kicking him. As *Town Talk* reported at the time, "phrases like 'stomped him badly,' 'stepped on his face,' 'knocked out cold on the ground,' and 'slammed his head on the concrete beam' were used by the students in their statements." Some tried to block teachers from reaching the scene, and the first teacher at Barker's side thought he was dead.

Supposedly, Barker provoked this "black rage." According to *Town Talk*, in "the civil lawsuit the Barkers brought in November, the Bells and their attorneys contend that on Dec. 1, 2006, a passenger in Barker's pick-up truck pointed and pumped a shot-

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gun at Mychal Bell . . . They also claim that during lunch that day, Barker insulted Bell with racial epithets, a tomato was thrown at Bell's lunch table from Barker's lunch table, and then—just before Bell hit Barker—Barker insulted him by cursing at him."

Other "racial incidents" also preceded the beating, not least of which was the appearance of nooses on the "white tree" on campus. Blacks, the nation learned, were not allowed to sit under the "white tree." These excuses became the focal point of the media's story. The implication was that Barker got what he deserved, that the "black rage" of Bell and his gang simply boiled over.

When the prosecutor filed attempted-murder charges, 20,000 protestors descended upon the benighted town of 3,000. Jesse Jackson and Al Sharpton pounded the war drums for "justice." The charges were patently unfair. What about this town's "racial problems"? What about the nooses and the "white tree"? Not surprisingly, the charges were reduced to misdemeanor battery.

Craig Franklin, an editor at the *Jena Times*, wrote a piece for the *Christian Science Monitor* that put the lie to 12 myths about the case, among them the nooses: "An investigation [showed that] the crudely constructed nooses were *not* aimed at black students. Instead, they were understood to be a prank by three white students aimed at their fellow *white* friends, members of the school rodeo team. (The students apparently got the idea from watching episodes of 'Lonesome Dove.') The committee further concluded that the three young teens had no knowledge that nooses symbolize the terrible legacy of the lynchings of countless blacks in American history. When informed of this history by school officials, they became visibly remorseful because they had many black friends . . . Nowhere in any of the evidence, including statements by witnesses and defendants, is there any reference to the noose incident that occurred three months prior. This was confirmed by the United States attorney for the Western District of Louisiana, Donald Washington, on numerous occasions."

As for the tree, "[t]here has never been a 'whites-only' tree at Jena High School. Students of all races sat underneath this tree. When a student asked during an assembly at the start of school last year if anyone could sit under the tree, it evoked laughter from everyone present—blacks and whites. As reported by students in the assembly, the question was asked to make a joke and to drag out the assembly and avoid class."

The defendants exploded the biggest myth—that Barker provoked the attack—when they entered the no-contest plea accompanied by this statement: "To be clear, not one of us heard Justin use any slur or say anything that justified Mychal Bell attacking Justin nor did any of us see Justin do anything that would cause Mychal to react." *Town Talk* added that "[t]he statement also expressed sympathy for Barker and his family, and acknowledged the past two-and-a-half years had 'caused Justin and his parents tremendous pain and suffering, much of which has gone unrecognized.'"

In short, Barker did nothing wrong. That part of the statement, naturally, is not in the Southern Poverty Law Center's press release on the plea, which begins by falsely asserting the beating occurred "amid racial tension sparked by nooses hung on the high school campus," and ends with the usual leftist moonshine. The case "was always more than just Jena—the disparity in the treatment of African-American youth in the South and our nation's criminal and juvenile justice systems, and the importance of a level playing field in our judicial system."

And the media played along. As Franklin wrote, "I have never before witnessed such a disgrace in professional journalism. Myths replaced facts, and journalists abdicated their solemn duty to investigate every claim because they were seduced by a powerfully appealing but false narrative of racial injustice."

All this said, consider what the no-contest plea means: Jena isn't a "racist" town, as young Bell told CNN, Barker is no racist punk, and revenge for racial taunts had nothing to do with the attack. Instead, black Bell, with the help of a black gang, led an unprovoked attack on white Barker.

In short, the Jena incident was a microcosm of what happens in this country every day. The Wichita Massacre. The Knoxville Horror. The Zebra Killings. All these examples of savage black-on-white violence are somehow forgotten or unreported, and sometimes, as with the Jena Six, they are actually excused as expressions of legitimate rage when the usual suspects cloud the air with bogus tales of nooses and "white trees." Had Bell and his gang been white and Barker black, the crime would have triggered a national paroxysm of introspection and self-flagellation, with the *New York Times* and other media hectoring whites about racism, historical grievances, and all the rest.

—R. Cort Kirkwood

OBITER DICTA

Our first poet this month is **Rob Griffith**, an associate professor of English at the University of Evansville, Indiana. He is the author of *A Matinee in Plato's Cave* (Water Press & Media, 2008), and his work has appeared in numerous places, including *Poetry*, *The North American Review*, and *The Oxford American*, among others. He is the editor of *Measure: A Review of Formal Poetry*.

Our second poet is **John Quintero**, who writes from Nevada.

Our cover art is provided by our interior artist, **George McCartney, Jr.** Mr. McCartney studied at the Metropolitan Museum of Art and received a bachelor's of art from the State University of New York at Geneseo. Since 1997, he has worked in various media in the fields of illustration, graphic design, and textiles. George resides in North Carolina with his wife, Kristin, and their children.

Our interior art is provided by **Melanie Anderson**. Mrs. Anderson, our designer, received her B.F.A. from Northern Illinois University.

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by Thomas Fleming

Stepping Backward

When Jefferson Davis was a boy, he told his father that he did not wish to go to school. The Yankee schoolmaster, although a kindly man, demanded a great deal of memory work and threatened to punish young Jeff for his failure. His father took the declaration in stride and calmly explained to his son, "Of course it is for you to elect whether you will work with head or hands; my son could not be an idler. I want more cotton-pickers and will give you work."

Recalling the incident later in life, President Davis observed that "the heat of the sun and the physical labor, in conjunction with the implied equality with the other cotton-pickers, convinced me that school was the lesser evil."

The elder Davis, far from being a scholar, was a frontiersman and a soldier in the Revolution, but he had come up in the world far enough that his eldest son, Joseph, was able to study law and make his mark in the world. Joseph Davis was one of the men who drafted Mississippi's constitution. It was partly Joe's doing that young Jefferson was given so many opportunities for study—with the Dominicans in Kentucky, at the Wilkinson County Academy, at Transylvania University (which Felicity Allen, in her magisterial biography, correctly describes as "the finest college west of the Appalachians"), before going on to West Point.

The father's lesson was clear to everyone, though it is likely to be misunderstood today, when education has been reduced to vocational training. Samuel Davis could read and write, and was viewed by his neighbors as a man of some culture, but he had little schooling and did not regard college as a route to a career. He had made his way in the world by means of hard work and intelligent management, but if his son wished to enjoy the fruits of his father's modest success, he would need to have the education expected of the rich planters and professional men who led the state and governed the nation. This was not professional training or a technical education in any sense. A gentleman in Mississippi or Connecticut was supposed to be familiar with the English classics, display some knowledge of history, have sufficient mastery of mathematics to manage his business. He would have the Scriptures on the tip of his tongue, but above all he would know Latin—and preferably some Greek. Since before the days of Cicero and Caesar, a man's learning (in Western Europe, at least) had been measured by his mastery of Latin.

Davis himself knew the value of his Latin; not only was it an indispensable tool for learning Romance languages and deeply implicated in the etymology of English, "but the argument for its study most conclusive with me is that it is the best exercise for the mind which a small boy is capable of." As a war hero (in the Mexican War) and statesmen, Jefferson Davis put his erudition and discipline to public use, but, as admirable as he was, the Confederacy's only president was no eccentric genius but only an exemplary representative of a classically educated American political class that included John C. Calhoun, Henry Clay, and Daniel Webster among his predecessors and W.H. Seward and Stephen Douglas—all of whom had received a decent classical education—among his contemporaries. Lincoln was, of course, the great exception, since he was ignorant of Latin and Greek and virtually every other aspect of human learning.

The young Davis did not study Latin because he, as a self-determined individual, wanted to learn an exotic language, nor was the desire for a classical education a whim on his father's part. Nearly all Southern planters expected their sons to be gentlemen, which included the memory, at least, of Latin taglines and a general knowledge of who did what in the ancient world. When gentlemen in and out of politics got together, they spoke a common language, and, whether Democrat or Whig, they understood one another's references to Vergil and Cicero, Pericles and Cimon. They could, if they had a mind to, speak of something other than the weather, sports, or the latest minstrel-show performers.

The Ciceronian Southern politician, over the years, became a stereotype, but his Northern counterparts were scarcely less Ciceronian. In America's greatest generation, Jefferson could weary Adams with his incessant—even obsessive—commenting on the rules of ancient Greek versification, precisely because he knew that the Yankee Adams, though less erudite than the Virginian, was an educated man. Calhoun could have discussed Aristotle with Webster or Clay, and Seward would have caught Davis's allusions to the Roman Republic.

The possession of a common stock of great books served to unite the leaders of different sections and diverse backgrounds in a common culture. If Latin was the second language of the Southern tribe, it was also the language that enabled them to speak to the Yankee tribe and to the English tribe. And, when a well-behaved Southerner went to Europe to study, as Basil Gildersleeve did, or to

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make the tour, as his friend James Johnston Pettigrew did, he could associate easily and affably with similarly educated gentlemen in France, Germany, and Italy. (Any well-read conservative today must read Clyde Wilson's indispensable biography of Pettigrew, *Carolina Cavalier*.)

In other words, the classical tradition helped to form the character of the antebellum Southern elite, but it also connected them with a broader civilization, which their learning enabled them to understand. After the War, the tradition of erudite political leaders was continued in the North by James Garfield (who taught Latin and Greek and could write one language with his right hand and the other simultaneously with his left), Theodore and Franklin Roosevelt, Dwight Eisenhower, and John F. Kennedy. I do not know how much (if any) Latin Robert Byrd ever learned, but his studies of the classics and ancient history have made him the last man in the Senate who can actually look at current issues from an historical perspective.

The standards of erudition, among members of the political class, visibly declined by the middle of the 20th century, and I do not know who was the first president since World War II not to have studied Latin. There are many causes in the degeneration of American politicians, from the time of Webster and Calhoun to the days of the Clintons, Bushes, and Obamas, but the inability of our leaders to state an idea, frame a debate, or write their own speeches results in part from the purging of Latin from the curriculum of aspiring dictators.

The poor quality of the American political class—their mental and verbal incoherence, their self-deception, their lack of self discipline—makes it impossible for them to conceive, much less carry out, any reform or productive change. Any name of a current U.S. senator—nearly every one of them as unmanly as he is uneducated—would make the case for American degeneracy, so I will content myself with just one: Lindsey Graham. If this is the best that South Carolina Republicans can come up with, they may as well move to Illinois.

On the verge of despair, American conservatives are willing to support such impossible candidates as Chuck Baldwin or Sarah Palin on the grounds that their ignorance and inexperience have fortified them against the wiles of liberals and lobbyists, when, of course, the exact opposite is true. People who have never been exposed to any form of a disease are far more likely to fall victim to it.

It is a mistake to look to political leaders for any improvement. We have, as the saying goes, the leaders we deserve. An ignorant, undisciplined people is condemned to be misruled by ignorant and undisciplined leaders.

Then, what is to be done? If the collapse of American education is one of the explanations for the decline in the quality of our political leaders, it would be reasonable to expect that a restoration will come about with the reform of education. Unfortunately, American education becomes noticeably worse every year, and the young Ph.D.'s I run into these days could not have held their own in an intelligent conversation with a college graduate from the 1950's or a high-school graduate from the 1930's. (A similar decline took place between the 1880's and the 1930's.)

If you will not take my word for it, you have only to listen to the prominent members of the professoriate who are interviewed on NPR or public television. A duller set of semiliterates has never corrupted the youth, and like the students whose minds and character they ruin, the professors get noticeably more stupid and less grammatical every ten years, and the problem is only aggravated by the ill-intentioned education-reform movements that periodically sweep over the U.S. Department of Education and the various state departments. Under Bill Clinton, we had to endure the dim-witted Richard Riley, calling for volunteers to teach children to read after the most expensive system of education in the history of the world had failed on this most elementary level, but, while Clinton and Riley at least paid lip service to local control of education, George W. Bush further nationalized schooling by imposing a failed Texas system on the entire country. If either Bush or Obama wished to improve education, they might have begun with themselves.

That is the point. Education reform begins at home, with ourselves and our children, and once we have undertaken the cultivation of our own minds, we might be able to work with others to establish or improve a local school. My friend Mark Atkins is an excellent case in point. A victim of modern education, Mark did not permit his ignorance to stand in the way of building a successful business, but, unlike so many successful entrepreneurs, he decided to use his money—and the free time it bought—to accomplish two not-unrelated dreams: his own acquisition of a humane education and the establishment of an authentic school in his ancestral village of Cottage Grove, Tennessee (pop. 180), a crossroads located 13 miles (*via* State Route 69) from Paris, the county seat of Henry County (pop. 9,763), with its very own replica of the Eiffel Tower.

Henry County—much less Paris—seems an unlikely place to begin a restoration of the classical curriculum, but Mark's mother taught in the Cottage Grove School, and the landscape is salted with the bones of his ancestors. When the school district closed the Cottage Grove Elementary (formerly K-12), Mark, who had moved back to the village, bought the building and housed his fledgling school in one or two rooms. He intends to expand.

The Cottage Grove School, as it proclaims in every description and pamphlet, is Christian, classical, and Southern. The inspiration for the curriculum, he informs me, was my own writings and lectures on the classical tradition. Seduced by this agreeable if dangerous flattery, I agreed to chair the advisory board, and although the school expects only ten students (from grades one to eight) next year, those ten children will spend their days learning Latin and French, math and science, history and geography, and the English language and its literature. Students are required to read, in and out of class, the classics of English and American literature, and, because edu-

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cation is not simply an affair of the mind, they are given explicit instruction in manners. They do not talk out of turn or fail to "make their manners" to their teachers and to one another.

Some visitors to the school, seeing the picture of Bedford Forrest, have pronounced it too Southern, but in addition to the portraits of such Tennesseans as Andrew Jackson and James K. Polk and Southerners of the caliber of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and Calhoun, there are pictures of Shakespeare and Johnson, as well as maps and depictions of ancient Rome and historic places in Europe. From this village school, these Tennesseans will emerge with pride in their own state and its history but also a wider understanding of the civilization in whose ruins we are living.

The restoration of the classical curriculum will not regenerate the American elite, much less the character of the American people, but it is a step backward, and, in the upside-down world in which we find ourselves, a step backward is a step in the right direction. ©

Jonathan Edwards at the River

by Rob Griffith

"Here is livelily represented how all things tend to one, even to God, the boundless ocean."
—Jonathan Edwards, from "Images or Shadows of Divine Things"

The sky grows light, and lightens more
with goldfinch song among the trees,
the notes so bright they leave me heartsore
to walk this path of haloed green.

The river, too, uncoils its force
and levers up silt and stone,
churns them in its milky course—
a lathe to shape inconstant earth

until the only thing we know
is change and loss, as if the point
to everything is letting go
of time and all it sweeps away.

But this is wrong. The river bursts
through mountain rock, scores plain and bog
till all those waters, so long dispersed,
convene again in boundless seas.

And there, beneath a blue resolve,
the rivers merge until each drop,
like souls returned to God, dissolves
into the ocean's salty heart.

Our deliquescing selves, awash in sun,
embrace a long oblivion.

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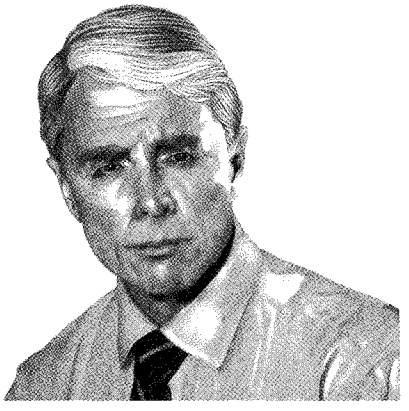
by Roger D. McGrath

The Noble Savage



A sequel to *Dances With Wolves* is reportedly scheduled for release in 2011. Not only did *Dances* create a romantic American Indian who never existed, it reversed the roles of the Sioux and the Pawnee. This kind of thing has been going on for hundreds of years, beginning with various European writers who, far removed from the reality of life on the American frontier, described the "noble savage" of the American forests. Americans got into the business also but only after the frontier was several generations removed from their reality. For 40 years I watched the same thing happen at the university—first when I was an undergraduate, later as a graduate student, and still later as a professor. The noble savage is a fiction, of course, but few had the temerity to challenge the notion.

The tribes who inhabited what is today the United States practiced torture, human sacrifice, cannibalism, gang rape, slavery, and polygyny. They were illiterate and had not advanced beyond the Stone Age. Before the arrival of the white man, they rode no horses, having hunted the horse to extinction thousands of years earlier. The horse was reintroduced by the Spaniards, and by the middle of the 18th century most of the Plains Indians had developed a horse culture, using the horse for hunting, war, packing, and trading. As an item of trade the horse could get a brave a wife—one horse, one wife. A chief might demand two or three horses for one of his daughters. Those braves rich in horses acquired several wives. The horse did have one liberating effect on women. Until the arrival of the horse women had been the principal beast of burden for the tribe, carrying heavy packs whenever the tribe moved. Men carried nothing but their weapons.

I've heard women anthropologists at the university gush over the American Indian. I don't know if they are ignorant or irrational, because Indian society was male chauvinism squared. All work was done by women while men hunted, fought, or lounged about. The men, said François Larocque of the Crow in 1805, "do not even saddle their own horses when their wives are present nor do they take off their [own] leggings when they come in to go to bed." When friends of a brave visited, he gave them his wife to indulge their lust. If a wife committed adultery without his permission, however, he was allowed to punish her by hacking off her nose and publicly casting her out. A man could also banish a wife for such minor transgressions as laziness or nagging. Suicide was not uncommon for women who had been cast out. Women and girls captured in raids were gang-raped and often tattooed or branded. They usually spent the rest of their lives as slaves. If they were lucky, they might become an extra wife for a brave. Captured pregnant women had their bellies split open and the babies pulled out.

Captured men were tortured, often kept alive for days to suffer all the more. European witnesses regularly remarked upon the skill and anatomical knowledge of the torturers. Torture racks were a feature of semipermanent villages. The seminomadic tribes improvised torture apparatus on the spot. Saving "the last bullet for yourself" became a cliché for good reason.

The Jesuit Jean de Brébeuf learned this the hard way. He was working with the Huron when he was captured by a war party of Iroquois. He was taken off to a nearby village for fun and games. First he was forced to run the gauntlet. A man of enormous size and strength, Brébeuf, although bruised, lacerated, and bloodied, managed to stay upright as the Iroquois warriors clubbed him. The Iroquois then tied him to a post and burned him repeatedly from head to toe. They thrust firebrands into his mouth and strung a necklace of red-hot ax heads around his neck. Brébeuf bore the indescribable pain without flinching or crying out. The Iroquois redoubled their efforts. They poured boiling water over his head, mocking baptism. They wrapped a belt of burning resin around his waist, cut off his lips and ripped out his tongue, stripped chunks of flesh from his body, and scalped him. Still he did not cry out. The Iroquois finally could take no more. They cut out his heart and ate it—and drank his blood.

The torture of Brébeuf is remarkable only for his otherworldly fortitude. Whether white or red, men captured by the Indians underwent similar tortures. Pioneer settlers on the colonial frontier or those of the "dark and bloody" ground of Kentucky or latter-day frontiersmen in the trans-Mississippi West had no illusions about the American Indian. Most could tell of a relative or friend or someone they knew of who had been tortured to death by Indians. It seems that one of Andrew Jackson's older brothers suffered such a fate. It is no wonder that his mother was described as an "old Irish lady, at dreadful enmity with the Indians." The Jacksons were but one of hundreds of families who could relate tales of torture that was not aberrational or confined to a particular tribe, region, war, or era—and certainly never condemned—but practiced universally and embraced, relished, and refined to a horrific degree by the American Indian.

Noble, indeed.

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Deconstructing Miss Dixie

Educating for the Planetary Community

by Michael Hill

College-football season has begun again in the South. Here in Alabama, football is more like a religion than a sport. Having both attended and taught at The University of Alabama from the 1970's through the 1990's, I was at ground zero of college-football fanaticism, and I must confess that I still like the excitement.

But there is a price to pay for elevating a mere game to such high places. People tend to lose sight of what is really important. It is not only the current student body and alumni who are prone to losing all sense of perspective on life from the opening game in early September through the bowl games in late December and early January, but the "sidewalk alumni" (those who didn't attend the university) as well. When these groups are combined in the Southern states (especially those that have Southeastern Conference football teams), the result is a massive fan base that provides unquestioning loyalty and support to their respective schools.

Many, if not most, of these college-football fans in the South are conservative and traditionalist. If they really knew what the universities they support with their money and presence at football games were teaching in the classrooms, they would be shocked. While Mama and Daddy cheer on the team on football Saturdays, little Bubba and Betty Sue are being taught Monday through Friday by leftist professors to adopt the dubious cultural attitudes of their betters at Harvard and Yale. Simply put, this means they are conditioned to be self-hating Southerners. They are also taught to hate God. Football, indeed, covereth a multitude of sins.

Donald Davidson once wrote that it was a "risky and dubious" business to palm off the Ivy League and its culture on the South. The crux of the matter, as I see it, is the insatiable desire by the professoriate at Harvard, Yale, and other bastions of the elite American Ruling Class to cultivate among the South's (and America's) common folk the "desirable cultural attitudes" (Davidson).

In the not-too-distant past, the objective of higher education was the nurture of humane learning. At its core is the idea that one will ultimately learn not only about the world in general, but about one's own place in it. In other words, the properly educated student will develop a balanced character as a result of being taught the particulars of his own place and kin and not simply such rootless abstractions as the universal rights of man, global democracy, and equality. Humane education, then, should bring out something that is already extant in man: a reverence for his own kind. As John Gould Fletcher wrote in "Education, Past and Present" (from *I'll Take My Stand*), "All that education can do in any case is to teach us to make good use of what we are; if we are nothing to begin with, no amount of education can do us any good."

Since colonial times Southerners have known that they belonged to a distinct community and that they were different—ethnically and culturally—from New England stock. Because of the differing origins of 17th- and 18th-century settlers from the British Isles (Southerners came largely from the West Country and the Celtic Fringe, and Yankees from Scandinavian/Anglo-Saxon southeast England), America has never been a uniform country. She has always been more or less Balkanized, and both unreconstructed Southerners and a few good Copperhead Yankees have ignored Mr. Lincoln's dictum that we must become "all one thing or all the other."

Today's equivalent of the "Yankee schoolmarm" has seen fit to dictate a nationalized curriculum for the secondary grades through graduate school. We can see the manifestation of this mischief in the dubious claims made by proponents of Goals 2000 and No Child Left Behind, as well as in the stifling uniformity known as political correctness that pervades our college and university classrooms. To the mandarin class that controls modern American education, no offending cultural or regional difference is too small to be stamped out in the name of "tolerance" and "diversity."

Before the Northeast forcibly imposed its own nationalist educational system on the entire country after the War for Southern Independence, the South's schools and colleges were on the whole more humane and tolerant than their Northern counterparts. The latter institutions were characterized by a meddlesome Unitarian-Universalist strain absent from Southern schools. Southern education, based on the classical model, produced men of good character who ensured the continuation of a stable, conservative society. In the North the prevailing system produced iconoclasts who reveled in destroying traditional social norms in the name of "progress."

The defeat of the South in 1865 meant the end of its

Michael Hill, president of the League of the South, is an historian and author who resides in his family's old homeplace of Killen, Alabama.

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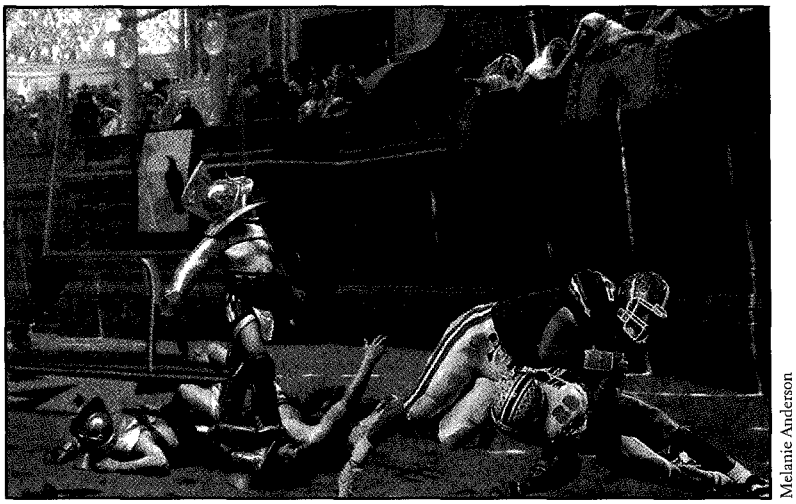
largely private educational system and the beginning of a system of free public education through which the region would be brought in line with national (*i.e.*, Northeastern) standards. "The theory of universal education," wrote Dr. Robert Lewis Dabney, "involves the absurd and impossible idea of the Leveller, as though it were possible for all men to have equal destinies in human society." Rather than being content with his modest sphere, the dullard has been encouraged by the receipt of a diploma or degree to demand what he thinks is his due. Indeed, the egalitarian impulse in postbellum American education has managed to mask the fact that the choice facing the larger part of humanity has always been hard manual labor or starvation. Today we ridicule honest labor and the working man and convince our children that it should be their goal to, as Ricky Skaggs says, "get above their raising." Thomas Jefferson, whose words are often twisted to support the idea of universal public education, actually advocated in his 1779 "Bill for a more general diffusion of knowledge" only that the poor but brilliant student should have the same opportunity as the well-heeled but lazy one. He did not demand that everyone should receive the same education at public expense.

Traditionally, the South has not bought into the nonsense that all persons are equally educable. Those in academia would do well to remember that Jefferson championed only "those persons whom nature has endowed with genius and virtue." Yet today our schools and colleges turn out hordes of graduates woefully deficient in the fundamental skills of reading, writing, and ciphering; nonetheless, these young "scholars" think themselves capable of high intellectual attainment. In the spirit of Alexander Pope, who believed "A little learning is a dangerous thing," Dr. Dabney predicted that "the common schools will have created a numerous 'public' of readers one-quarter or one-tenth cultivated: and the sure result will be the production for their use of a false, shallow, sciolist literature, science, and theology infinitely worse than blank ignorance."

I have witnessed firsthand the contemptible campaign to make Southern children into deracinated, interchangeable cogs for the New World Utopia to come. During his freshman year at college or university our unwitting student is given what Davidson calls "the beginnings of a [proper] social perspective and a social philosophy." And for the young man or woman in the Deep South this means learning to reject his own place and kin. For instance, an English professor who teaches Southern literature at The University of Alabama once told her young charges that every time they saw a white-columned mansion it should remind them of how evil their ancestors were. I asked her if she had ever considered assigning John Pendleton Kennedy's *Swallow Barn* or Stark Young's *So Red the Rose* to balance her more politically correct, anti-South reading list. She replied matter-of-factly that she was not interested in presenting a balanced view of what to her was a despicable culture and civilization.

A planetary consciousness, captured in the banal bumper-sticker philosophy "Think globally—act locally," is replacing the local and regional consciousness that used to provide a point of reference for Americans from all parts of the country. The Pennsylvania steel-mill worker and the north Alabama plowboy both have local and family traditions that are left uncultivated in today's global classroom.



Melanie Anderson

To put it simply, there are great regional differences in America that must be taken into account when we try to educate our students. The country is quite diverse and heterogeneous in its history, culture, mores, and traditions; not only the South, but New England, the metropolitan East, the Midwest, the Pacific Northwest, and the Southwest are all, more or less, self-conscious regions. However, in education (and culture) we find ourselves dominated by the Northeast, which has made its own presumptions national, and even universal. The Ivy League schools and their offspring in the Midwest and on the Pacific Coast have tremendous influence in determining the conditions under which federal largesse is doled out to the educational establishment and over the parameters of polite academic discourse in our larger institutions of higher learning scattered throughout what they contemptuously refer to as "fly-over country."

Unlike the nation-states of Europe, America has never had one cultural and intellectual center on a par with Paris, London, or Madrid; instead, as Davidson points out, we have only a series of regional capitals: Boston, New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Chicago, and Charleston. Historically, we have not been of a single mind nationally, and we have lacked what Matthew Arnold called that "national glow of thought and feeling" common to great periods of literary and cultural attainment in the European nations. Past efforts at nationalizing American education, by such men as Ralph Waldo Emerson, have been abject failures. In his essay "The American Scholar," Emerson deplored the division of the nation into North and South, but as an answer to regionalism he gave us only an insipid version of "Yankee transcendentalism," which had as its goal the destruction of the very foundation of Southern

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culture and civilization. As Davidson wrote, "His voice was not the voice of America, but of New England, and his plan of salvation was to result not in peaceful unification but in bloody disunion."

We are now told that the unification of America under prescriptions emanating from the Northeastern Corridor is both desirable and inevitable. Standardization is the ultimate prize sought after by the statist, imperial *cognoscenti*, and as a reward for their justification of Caesar, Caesar has rendered unto them quite generously. Federal grants and programs translate into more centralized control over education, sapping whatever independence a financially strapped institution might once have enjoyed. More bluntly, federal loot is doled out largely on the basis of whether the program to be funded will produce "desirable cultural attitudes." And when federal dollars are on the line, most college and university administrators will forsake the regional and cultural uniqueness of their institutions in order to feed at the public trough.

Federal intrusion unfortunately has had the most telling effect on our Southern colleges and universities. Not only do we find our historic symbols and traditions sacrificed to the gods of political correctness, but our classrooms have become hothouses of anti-Southern propaganda. A carpetbag and scalawag professoriate commonly intimidates the student who dares speak in defense of his region and its heroes or the junior faculty member who might present in his lectures or writings something other than the current imperial orthodoxy. It is all but impossible nowadays to find a course in Southern history taught by a patriotic Southerner, because he is thought incapable of teaching the subject in an unbiased fashion. No one seems to give much consideration to the potential bias held by a liberal New Englander or Midwesterner. It strains credibility to imagine the situation reversed: a traditional, conservative Southern professor lecturing the students at Harvard or Yale on the moral deficiencies of their Yankee ancestors.

After all, the history of the South is much too important to be left up to Southerners. Why, if that were done, the minds of the young down here might be taught that the War was not caused primarily by slavery or that the South's position on states' rights and secession corresponded directly with the ideas of the Founding Fathers. Generations of Southern boys and girls might be taught that Lincoln was not the Great Emancipator but an ambitious politician and a tool of Northern plutocrats intent on subverting the Constitution and destroying Southern economic competitiveness as a prelude to colonizing the region and stealing its abundant resources in the name of preserving the Union. In other words, if traditional Southerners are left in charge of teaching history and literature in their own region, the myth of a glorious democratic Union, purchased with the blood of blue-clad saints and crowned by the martyrdom of Father Abraham, will be exposed as the Big Lie that it is. In reality, we have an American Empire sired by the forebears of those who now dominate our cultural and educational institutions, and we cannot expect them to permit the truth to be taught to the descendants of those who were branded "rebels" for having fought to defend the principles of the Old American Republic.

Goethe's maxim holds that all that frees man's soul but does not give him command over himself is evil. At present, we seem intent on withdrawing man's control over himself in order to free his soul for comfortable and licentious living. In order to deflect attention from the increasingly complex and arcane machinations of the elites, who intrude into the most minute and private recesses of our lives, we are given the modern-day equivalent of "bread and circuses"—including college-football games. Never have so few "educated" people been willing to speak about important questions of the day. This fear of venturing beyond the bounds of respectable discourse and opinion is not yet tied to physical harm, but to implicit threats of harm to reputations and careers. Instead of questioning the foundations of the modern theology of centralized power, the typical American university graduate contents himself with playing the role of a nobleman in the court of Louis XIV, giving himself over to frivolous self-indulgence. He is encouraged to give free rein to his appetites and to trust in the experts to handle all that falls beyond his ken.

Should the current educational trend away from a humane regionalism and toward a soulless nationalism continue, then perhaps in this new millennium all men will have equal destinies in American society. They will be destined to live as deracinated "human resources" cut loose from their unique cultural and historical moorings and fit only to be producers and consumers of trinkets in the global marketplace. We will have been given a design of living in which we no longer know nonsense when we hear it and see it. We wish so passionately to be good moderns, up to date and in fashion, that we grasp for every new and superficial idea that comes down the pike. In our present state, a properly functioning educational system would injure the tender sensibilities of Americans who insist it is their right to believe in today's variations on the flat-earth theory.

Americans with university degrees ought to be well educated enough to see not only that the world is not flat, but that we no longer live in a republic characterized by self-government. Most give no indication that they know, or even care, that the unique and wonderful gift bequeathed to us by our forebears has been squandered in our own quest to go whoring after the strange gods of modernity. While we talk ourselves silly about abstract universal propositions in the name of the human race, humane learning has been relegated to quiet corners out of step with fashionable academic society. But like all things built on sure foundations by "generations of the faithful heart," it will endure long after the detritus of the current regime has been swept away. Now, if we could only put those football games in their proper place . . . ◈

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Educating for Faith and Community

A Lutheran Success Story

by Thomas J. Korcok

Melanie Anderson

Few realize that the largest Protestant school system in the United States is operated by the Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod. With 1,018 elementary schools and 102 high schools sharing a combined enrollment of 149,201 students, it is an impressive educational endeavor. Beyond the United States, Lutheran schools in Canada, South America, Africa, Australia, and even such remote countries as Kyrgyzstan and Kazakhstan have been influenced to one degree or another by Missouri Synod theology and pedagogy.

The early history of this school system is not just an interesting chapter in educational history but a good case study on how Christian schools can prepare children to be participating members of American society while retaining a strong commitment to their faith and community.

In 1839 a group of approximately 750 Lutherans from Saxony arrived in St. Louis. Fleeing the theological liberalism of 19th-century Germany, their goal was to establish an orthodox Lutheran colony in North America. One of the remarkable features of this group was their commitment to education. These immigrants believed that in order to rear their children according to the dictates of their faith, it was essential to have schools that were independent of state control. Thus, less than one year after arriving on these shores, they established a classical Lutheran academy, or gymnasium, that was true to their theological traditions. According to an announcement placed in the local German newspaper, *Anzeiger des Westens*, this school was to teach everything that was "necessary for a true Christian and scientific education." The curriculum for this new school was ambitious. It included Latin, Greek, Hebrew, German, French, English, history, geography, mathematics, physics, natural history, philosophy, music, and drawing. In September 1839 classes began in a log cabin with the barest of teaching materials and with an enrollment of seven boys and four girls. This was not the only school that they established. In fact, almost every congregation ran its own elementary school, resulting in near universal education within this Lutheran community at a time when fewer than 20 percent of children in Missouri completed an elementary education.

Eight years later, the Saxon immigrants joined together with other like-minded Lutherans to form the "German Evangelical Synod of Missouri, Ohio and Other States," commonly known as the Missouri Synod. Their commitment to education was integrated into the constitution of the synod, thereby laying the foundation for an extensive, organized school system.

Schools were established at an astonishing rate. In 1847, the year of the founding of the synod, there were 16 congregations with 7 teachers and 7 teaching pastors serving 14 schools with a total enrollment of 764 students. Twenty-five years later, there were 263 teachers and 209

Thomas J. Korcok received a doctorate from Vrije Universiteit in Amsterdam. He is the author of Forward to the Past, *which explores the development of the liberal arts in the context of confessional Lutheran education.*

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teaching pastors serving 472 schools with an enrollment of 30,320 students. By the synod's 50th anniversary, there were 781 teachers and 894 teaching pastors serving 1,603 schools with an enrollment of 89,202 students. Within a generation, the Missourians had developed the largest Protestant school system in North America.

What accounted for the success of these schools? Timing was part of it, to be sure. The Saxon Lutherans had the good fortune of arriving in the St. Louis area at the beginning of a wave of German immigration that would see the population of the city grow twenty-fold within the next 40 years. However, immigration patterns alone do not guarantee educational success. Earlier groups of Lutherans had established school systems in other parts of the country that did not survive. Most notably, in the late 18th and early 19th century, the Pennsylvania Lutherans developed a system of 240 schools at a time when, by some accounts, German immigrants to that state constituted a majority of the population. These schools went into steep decline at the very time when those of the Missouri Synod were experiencing rapid expansion. By 1860, there were only 28 Pennsylvanian Lutheran schools left.

A closer examination reveals some fundamental differences between the two.

Unlike earlier Lutheran schools in the United States, the schools of the early Missouri Synod held high academic and theological standards for their teachers. And contrary to popular misconceptions about frontier schools, they provided an exceptionally high quality of instruction. The synod put a great deal of effort into producing a pool of educators and clergy who were not only doctrinally unified but academically competent. It established high schools, colleges, teacher seminaries, and theological seminaries for this purpose.

The education received by the synod's teachers and pastors exceeded that of most other Protestant clergy and state-educated teachers. For example, in the mid-19th century, the average American Methodist minister had achieved only an elementary level of education, whereas the typical Missouri Synod pastor had spent ten years at the college level and was thoroughly grounded in the liberal arts. This is significant when one considers that roughly half of the Lutheran schoolteachers were teaching pastors. Many children were taught by pastors who had mastered all three of the sacred languages and all areas of theology, were fluent in German and usually English, had studied logic and rhetoric, and conducted their office with a uniformity of teaching and practice that was virtually unparalleled in any other denomination.

The same held true for the synodically trained teachers. Many public-school teachers had no formal training at all. State "normal schools" generally required only a basic elementary education before admission and offered a teacher-training course that could be as short as one year. Classes centered on teaching practices and rudimentary educational psychology. By contrast, candidates for the Missouri Synod teachers' seminary in Addison, Illinois, were required to have completed their elementary education as well as a full three years of preparatory training—a rough equivalent to the classical Lutheran gymnasium. Then, over the course of two years in the teachers' seminary, they were exposed to almost all academic disciplines, studied in two languages, and had a comprehensive theological training. Thus the Lutheran teachers were equipped to offer an academically challenging education for even the brightest of students.

The academic integrity of these schools was surpassed only by their theological integrity. Teachers were expected to have an unflinching commitment to sound Lutheran doctrine. In the minds of the synod's founders, if children were taught correctly—that is, if they were taught by orthodox teachers according to the precepts of classical Lutheran pedagogy—they would grow to be pious adults who would be able to articulate their Lutheran faith within the confines of their religious community and in the public sphere. Schools were to expose children only to the pure teachings of the Evangelical Lutheran Church. Their key text was Luther's Small Catechism. The synodical constitution mandated that every child was to have the entire catechism memorized before he or she was confirmed, and synodical publications regularly reminded teachers of their obligation to see to it that this task was completed.

Special attention was given to ensuring that the methods used in the classroom were supportive of Lutheran theology. If contemporary pedagogical thought was opposed to orthodox Lutheran doctrine, Missourians were ready to reject it outright and employ a more harmonious pedagogy. For example, they took great pains to point out why the philosophies of leading educational thinkers such as Johann Heinrich Pestalozzi (1746-1827), Friedrich Wilhelm August Fröbel (1782-1852), and Johann Friedrich Herbart (1776-1841) could not be used in their classrooms. A pedagogical theory that contradicted orthodox theology would, in the end, compromise the theological integrity of the classroom and defeat the purpose of its existence. This reflected a tradition in the Christian Church dating back to Saint Augustine, who held that the normative agent of education could only be theology. The leading educational theorists of the 18th and 19th centuries held a uniformly optimistic view of man and rejected Original Sin and the doctrine of a transcendent God revealed in Holy Scripture. Thus, no room could be given them in Lutheran pedagogy.

Instead, the American Lutherans looked to an earlier era for inspiration. In the 16th century, Martin Luther made some important contributions to the field of education. Among these was the understanding that one of the primary purposes of schools was to train Christian

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citizens who would maintain the temporal estate of the world and provide capable leaders of society.

For the 19th-century German Lutherans who had established themselves in a developing land, this vocational emphasis was especially relevant. From their point of view, God had brought them to a new land and provided them with the means to develop schools. They were therefore under a divine obligation to use the opportunity to help shape their new fatherland. Parents were repeatedly reminded of their obligation to educate their children so that they would serve their neighbor and be a blessing to the world. Echoing Luther, C.F.W. Walther, the first president of the young church body, wrote,

> Since God has blessed many of our immigrant German fellow Christians materially in this our new fatherland, they recognize it to be their sacred duty to have their children not only trained sufficiently as Christians, but also to educate them as beneficial and useful members of society.

The second president of the Missouri Synod, F.C.D. Wyneken, also recognized that the Lutherans arrived in America at a critical juncture. The country needed faithful and thoughtful citizens and leaders who could make a positive contribution in all areas of private and civic life. If children could be properly educated—that is, if they were trained in the arts in an orthodox Lutheran environment—then they could exert a good influence on their communities as they entered into their vocations. As president of the synod, Wyneken reported to the 1857 convention that "The Lord has certainly designated our children in this country to be something more than mere hewers of wood and carriers of water for speculators." Walther would reuse this line in the the synod's magazine, *Der Lutheraner*:

> If we German Lutherans in America do not wish forever to play the role of "hewers of wood and drawers of water" as is said of the Gibeonites in Canaan (Joshua 9:21), but to contribute our share toward the general welfare of our new fatherland by means of the special talents which God has bestowed on us . . . we must establish institutions above the level of our elementary schools . . . institutions that will equip our boys and young men for real proficiency in their occupations and business endeavours; for taking up any of the useful arts; for going into any of the professions; and for capable, useful service in all kinds of public and civic positions; so that they may generally acquit themselves as thoroughly educated men in any calling or station of life.

The Missouri Lutherans were German-speaking immigrants in an English-speaking land. This reality dictated their use of language in the classroom and determined that virtually every Missouri Synod school was bilingual.

There were good sociological reasons for this bilingualism, but the Missouri pedagogues tended to base their arguments for the retention of German on theological grounds. In the 19th century, virtually every orthodox Lutheran theological resource—dogmatics, catechisms, liturgies, hymnals, and devotional materials—was only available in German. The Missourians realized that if their children were not fluent in German, they would be cut off from these resources and, consequently, from the faith of their fathers. As a result, they insisted that classes, especially those dealing with Christian instruction, be conducted in German.

At the same time, these immigrants recognized that their children were growing up in an English-speaking country. It was therefore essential that they also be fluent in English. One early Missouri Lutheran educator, J.C.W. Lindemann, argued that if English were not taught to the children, they would be estranged from their new fatherland. Our children, he said, "are Americans and must dwell among Americans and must be with them and work with them and by God's will must confess Christ and be salt with them." English would enable them to participate in the national discourse of a developing country and to present the doctrines of the Evangelical Lutheran faith to a public that often misunderstood this German immigrant church. In addition to German history, music, and literature, children were taught American history, geography, and civics in order to integrate them further into mainstream society. The aim was to produce faithful, contributing citizens of both the spiritual and the secular realms. Instruction in German would aid them in remaining faithful to the Lutheran Church, while instruction in English would help make them faithful citizens of their new country.

The early Missouri Synod schools had their limitations. Student populations tended to be limited to those coming from within their own denominational boundaries. Teachers had a difficult time incorporating new and developing fields of study, such as science, into their curriculum. Nonetheless, students taught according to the traditional Lutheran pedagogy went on to take an active role in their communities, becoming leaders in both the commercial and political spheres, and demonstrating a devotion to their local Lutheran communities that went beyond mere church attendance.

Today, many liberal educational theorists insist that a classical Christian education retards a student's autonomy and ability to think critically. The successes of the 19th-century Missouri Lutherans contradict such claims—provided that one's definition of success includes several generations of students taught to live their lives as independent, thoughtful citizens capable of making positive contributions to church and community, as well as maintaining their faith.

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The School of History

by Hugh Barbour, O.Praem.

"We feel bound to disagree with these prophets of doom."
—John XXIII

Nestled in the foothills below Saddleback Mountain in "the O.C." there is an abbey of priests and a small boarding school. There is nothing there that would remind one of the lubricious television program that made the initials of Orange County, California, proverbial; rather, there is the round of services in the abbey church fulfilling the royal psalmist's prophecy "Seven times a day I praise thee" and the going and coming to class, dorm, playing field, and pew of the boys, some confident and mature, others still scrappy and rough-edged, one sullen and homesick, another determined and docile. Just as there is nothing at the abbey at the end of the naughts to indicate the rootless, reckless hook-up scene favored by media producers, or the "purpose-driven" world of personal trainers, hair-removal parlors, silicone enlargements, mega "churches," and big-tent Republicanism, so, too, there is little that would tell the story of how it came to be that the late-18th-century absolutist state with its Enlightenment policies, resistance to papal authority, loathing of the Jesuits, and distaste for solemn liturgy and monastic silence is the remote but very real reason why the habited *confrères* devote themselves to the education of youth. Theirs is the triumphant irony of history for which no easy ideology of left or right can fully account.

The seven founders of the abbey had fled their native kingdom of Hungary in 1950 when the anti-Christian reprisals and "land-reform" initiatives of the new communist regime finally moved to close down their 660-year-old mother abbey of Csorna near Györ. When in 1956 the young Christian reaction to the new socialist paradise failed for lack of help from the "free world" the Fathers knew that their exile would be permanent, and they began a new community in Orange County with a view to receiving American candidates for the priesthood and continuing their work of educating the youth. The seven who fled had all been instructors in the two *gymnasia* run by their abbey. The communists were determined that priests who were teachers would not be licensed in the future to function as priests, since those with influence over youth were especially dangerous. The professor-priests who remained in Hungary worked at various jobs for which their doctorates had hardly prepared them; a few of these lived to see their abbey reopened and their schools restored after the end of Soviet control.

Yet this dispersal of the brethren by the forces of international socialism was not the first in their history. In fact, the abbey had last been suppressed and its brethren spread abroad by the "Sacristan Emperor" Joseph II in 1786 in the application of the famed Edict on Idle Institutions. At least 700 monasteries were suppressed and their agricultural properties confiscated in a bloodless state expropriation, which became the model for all such efforts in the future. The House of Savoy, the Bourbons, the Napoleonic regime in Bavaria—all imitated the efficient elimination of stable monastic communities perfected by the Austrians. The numerous sleepy, domestic abbeys that dotted the landscape became simple parish churches, and the only monastic houses that were permitted to exist had to accept the running of schools and other state-improving "non-idle" activities. Thus it was that the little abbey of Csorna was reopened in 1802 under the condition that it accept two boarding schools and limit all monkish activities to the abbey, from which the canons would be dispersed after ordination to live their lives as gentlemen professors of the new enlightened regime of education and social advancement. The schools were very fine but strictly regulated by the state, which even required affirmative action, with quotas of Protestants, Jews, and non-Magyar Christians for each class, and there were no visitations permitted by Roman or order authorities. All this in the lovely world of the Catholic Habsburgs.

It was the Jesuits, though, who had earlier perfected the model of an active priesthood, not bound to the public prayer of the Church in choir, without abbey churches, cloisters, or chapter rooms. Their own system of education—with its *ratio studiorum* open to new developments in cosmology and mathematics, concentrating on the education of a nonclerical class of lay bourgeoisie, and supplementing the traditional rhetorical education of the liberal arts with the much-vaunted "math-science" standard—was the envy of enlightened rulers. It was this envy of the princes (and not a few bishops, Dominicans, and Franciscans) that had led in 1773 to the complete suppression of the Jesuits by Pope Clement XIV. In his brief of suppression, *Dominus ac Redemptor Noster,* he determined:

Further, we will, that if any of those who have here-

Fr. Hugh is prior of St. Michael's Abbey in Trabuco Canyon, California.

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tofore professed the institute of the Society of Jesus, shall be desirous of dedicating themselves to the instruction of youth in any college or school, care be taken that they take no part in the government or direction of the same, and that the liberty of teaching be granted to such only whose labors promise a happy issue, and who shall show themselves averse to all spirit of dispute, and untainted with any doctrines which may occasion or stir up frivolous and dangerous quarrels. In a word, the faculty of teaching youth shall neither be granted nor preserved but to those who seem inclined to maintain peace in the schools and tranquility with the world.

Joseph II and his minister Prince Kaunitz were only too happy with the suppression of the Jesuits. His mother, Maria Theresa, with whom he ruled as coregent at the time of the suppression, was not. Nor was her fellow sovereign to the north, Frederick II, who wrote to her regarding the Society of Jesus:

> Announce distinctly, but without bravado, that as regards the Jesuits, I am resolved to uphold them for the future, as I have done hitherto. Seek a fitting opportunity to communicate my sentiments on the subject to the pope. I have guaranteed free exercise of religion to my subjects in Silesia. I have never known a priesthood worthier of esteem than the Jesuits. Add to this, that as I am an infidel, the pope cannot dispense me from the obligation of performing my duty as an honorable man and an upright sovereign.
>
> FREDERICK

The great Prussian model of state regulation of education was not built on the suppression of monasteries, which had already largely passed away with the Reformation, but promoted its ideal with a certain admiration of the Society so hated by Enlightenment Catholics. The Russian Empire followed suit in refusing to promulgate the suppression.

The early history of the establishment of what we are accustomed in modern times to call "Catholic Education" is truly a convoluted one, and its manner of proceeding has been shared both by the enemies and the friends of our culture and religion. It was the pope who first showed the powers that be in the Europe of the Enlightenment that religious entities could be suppressed on a grand scale to be gobbled up by rapacious civil or ecclesiastical successors. It was the Orthodox czar and the Lutheran king of Prussia who protected the Jesuits, who were never suppressed in their territories precisely on account of their system of education. It was the ultra-Catholic Habsburg emperors who imitated the papal zeal for suppression, but then turned around and used communities founded in the Middle Ages to continue the new style of education brought in by the now-defunct Jesuits, this time without papal direction. It was the communists who suppressed the orders that ran these imperial *gymnasia* and forbade the priests from continuing in them, with results for the priests rather similar to those that Clement XIV's letter had for the Jesuits. And today in Southern California it is the reaction to the same now morally and academically corrupt Enlightenment model of centralized education, still the norm for both public and parochial schools, that leads parents to send their sons to our preparatory school in the hills of South Orange County—a school whose historical origins are in that very system.

If "history is the great teacher," as John XXIII said in his denunciation of the *rerum adversarum vacinatores*, the conservative "prophets of doom" in his opening allocution at the Second Vatican Council, may not we who have long shared their perceptions be permitted our own measure of historical hope? Could it be that someday "the O.C." will remind the world of chants, of high theology, of well-turned phrases, of good fathers and fruitful mothers, of happy children and the blessed life? Well, if the name of Rockford in the Land of Lincoln rings similar bells in the minds of a fortunate few even now, what can we not prophesy of Orange County's abbey and boarding school?

Here are some words of one of the graduating seniors of St. Michael's Preparatory School of the Norbertine Fathers in Orange County, who had lost his brother in a swimming accident in West Virginia:

> On October 7, 2006, my brother Matthew tragically passed away. My family hurried to the church where we remained for the rest of the day in prayer. My heart felt as if a millstone was holding it down and it needed to be released. This release would come only through prayer and sacrifice. I knew it was my responsibility to help Matthew reach his end. Through my suffering, I suddenly understood death, and with it life.
>
> The next day I returned to St. Michael's. All who resided here consoled me with their heartfelt words and prayers for my brother's salvation. Although I had a strong desire to remain with my family, I desired to be closer to Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. The reception of Him each morning in the Holy Eucharist and visiting Him in adoration each night enabled me to grow in my Catholic faith. This I knew was the greatest grace to offer my brother.
>
> I do not know what would have become of my weak will if I had not come here. It was here that

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I matured and learned to act as a man should. Through the challenging academics, the sports, and the many prayer opportunities, I have learned a great deal about endurance.

Without the great sacrifices my loving parents made, I would not have been able to attend this school. I am ever grateful to all the teachers and faculty of this school who have helped me accomplish the task of persevering here. I particularly would like to thank Mr. Tomescu for his patience and devotion to the school, Father Victor for his continuous joy and persistence, Father Chrysostom for his many heartening words of encouragement, Fr. Claude for his cheerful patience, and above all, Fr. Gabriel for his great love and dedication to the school. Lastly, I thank my class. Every single one of you has been a true friend. As I ready myself to leave, I can say that I will miss attending this school.

Here is the triumphant irony of history. The not-so-hidden hidden agenda of the Enlightenment was the removal of revealed religion and the complementary Roman civil order that favored it, and their replacement with an anthropocentric and statist conception of human society. The key means of bringing about this change was the suppression of monasteries and the control of education by the state. Yet the Church was hardly free of the tendency to imitate the structure, even if not the content, of the New Order. Now, in the O.C., when this long and strange commerce in culture and education between "faith-based" and revolutionary mind-sets has elsewhere ended with the capitulation of the former to the latter (Georgetown, with its black triangle over the Holy Name of the Savior, "Our Lady's University" declaring our new "Lider" a doctor of laws), there is a *klein aber fein* school where the center of existence is the Christian altar and its psalmody, and the only second language taught to all its students (and not as "foreign") is Latin. For this we can thank the Georgetown Jesuits' forebears, the philo-Masonic emperor's mandate, the efforts of more than one inept pontiff, and the providence of God. It has been said that His favorite argument is the *reductio ad absurdum*, which is another way of saying that He confounds our little systems by using them to accomplish His purposes. If "history is the great teacher," as John XXIII said in his denunciation of the *rerum adversarum vacinatores*, the conservative "prophets of doom" in his opening allocution at the Second Vatican Council, may not we who have long shared their perceptions be permitted our own measure of historical hope? Could it be that someday "the O.C." will remind the world of chants, of high theology, of well-turned phrases, of good fathers and fruitful mothers, of happy children and the blessed life? Well, if the name of Rockford in the Land of Lincoln rings similar bells in the minds of a fortunate few even now, what can we not prophesy of Orange County's abbey and boarding school?

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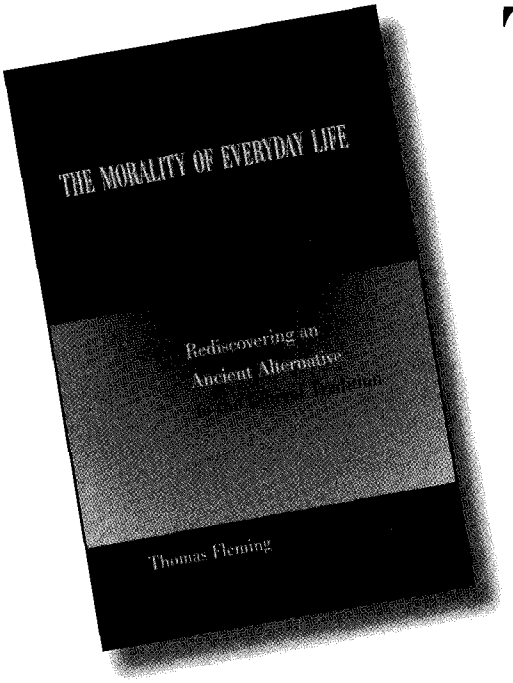

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by Thomas Fleming

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Berlusconi's Will To Fight

Better Late Than Never

by Alberto Carosa

Italian Prime Minister Silvio Berlusconi has come under ferocious attack for his alleged relationships with several women, including a teenage girl. These stories are surfacing exactly when one aspect of his policy—the fight against illegal immigration, which was part of the government program endorsed by the majority of voters in the last general election—is starting to gain ground.

"We were of the opinion that it should be absolutely important to counteract the wide-open-doors policy towards illegal immigrants adopted by the previous government," Berlusconi said (*via* telephone) to a political rally in Vicenza, *La Stampa* reported (May 30). "It's not possible for us to let undocumented people in, those who have neither jobs nor prospects, because this would mean to fuel despair and crime, and foster an unacceptable human trafficking." Italy is not a racist country, he continued, "but unless we control this phenomenon, sooner or later we'll have a conflict-laden internal situation that cannot but explode." Berlusconi reiterated that "utmost firmness against illegal immigrants means siding with the weakest, be they our compatriots or foreigners living here." Moreover, "we welcome those who are prepared to integrate," provided they are also prepared "to make our rights and duties their own, whereas we must be absolutely firm towards all the others, also to defend our people that are complaining, and are right in doing so."

"Twenty percent of illegal immigrants arrive via the sea," Minister of Interior Roberto Maroni told ANSA (May 31). "The remainder reach Italy through regular channels, which subsequently become irregular." This would mean that the boats that have been towed back to Libya represent only one fifth of the number of illegal immigrants attempting to enter Italy. (The towing was in compliance with an *ad hoc* agreement between Libya and Italy. For her part Libya received a large payment, including three fully equipped vessels for joint sea patrols.) The first boat was turned back on May 6, and after only three weeks of implementing this new policy, Mr. Maroni proudly declared to the Italian parliament that "the influx of illegal immigrants to the Sicilian shores has virtually come to nought," even speaking of an "historical turnaround," as *IlGiornale.it* reported (May 29).

Now life on the island of Lampedusa, the main point of arrival for illegal immigrants off the southern Sicilian coast, is slowly returning to normal; the reception center is almost empty, with only 23 people waiting to be granted political-refugee status. The islanders are counting on a decent tourist season, all the more so after Mr. Maroni vowed that the Italian government would "unhesitatingly" pursue its policy of turning back would-be Libyan immigrants.

The media have been quick to stress that the Catholic Church has harshly criticized Berlusconi's immigration policy. (Of course, this is the same media that has not hesitated to attack the Church's teachings in general, including Her defense of life.) But to what extent has the Church been critical? Individual prelates, like secretary of the Pontifical Council for Pastoral Care of Migrants and Itinerant People Msgr. Agostino Marchetto, have scolded the Italian government for its policy, but *Corriere della Sera* reported on May 9 that such pronouncements have caused "irritation" in the Vatican Secretariat of State, which termed them "personal positions." In addition, according to a May 14 post on *L'Espresso*'s religious blog *Settimo cielo*, Monsignor Marchetto's comments were allegedly dismissed repeatedly by Vatican authorities as not representative of the Church's official position on the matter, which was aptly voiced by more senior emissaries of the hierarchy and with no denial on the part of the Holy See.

The president of CEI (Italy's conference of bishops), Angelo Cardinal Bagnasco, was reported in the May 25 *Corriere della Sera* as being very careful to strike a balance between the evangelical command of acceptance and the civic demand for the Italian government to uphold the law, which is coming from the Church's grassroots faithful. In a nutshell, these two "fall away or stand together," the senior prelate pronounced. Bagnasco was restating the position already voiced in the May 12 *Avvenire*, the CEI mouthpiece, by CEI secretary general Msgr. Mariano Crociata, for whom the issue must be seen in the context of a "rigorous respect of legality, a necessary guarantee for integration."

Critics of Berlusconi's immigration policy include not only his political opposition but a number of international agencies and institutions, including the United Nations, the European Union, and several humanitarian organizations, especially those linked to the Catholic Church. These critics decry the alleged infringement of immigrants' human rights by denying them the opportu-

Alberto Carosa is an independent journalist based in Rome.

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nity to obtain refugee status, and they accuse Italian authorities of implementing anti-immigration policies that are fundamentally "anti-humanitarian."

Berlusconi has forcefully rebutted these criticisms. "There is nothing non-humanitarian in it," he told ANSA (May 28):

> Extremely precarious boats are pinpointed, the illegal immigrants are given something to eat and they are taken back to Libya . . . We will no longer tolerate this immigration and we are prepared to accept into Italy those who have jobs and not those who are forced to resort to crime to live.

Criticism from the European Union is somewhat hypocritical, since, as Berlusconi told ANSA (May 14), the Italian policy "is in line with European Union directives," including the 2008 European Pact on Immigration and Asylum. Berlusconi is convinced that the majority of Italians support his new immigration policies, which treat illegal immigration as a crime and send migrants back to their original points of departure.

"It's a mistake to undervalue the alarm signs that have been registered here and there in our country," Cardinal Bagnasco said at the start of the 58th CEI general assembly. "Immigration is a chaotic reality: if it isn't governed, it is suffered." And this is what Berlusconi appears precisely determined to do, after almost three decades of virtual inaction—or rather, inaction in doing anything serious to counter the phenomenon, but constant action to promote and foster it. The end result was effectively summarized by Berlusconi himself when, at a rally with his ally and Northern League leader Umberto Bossi on the eve of the European elections, he said Milan no longer looked like an Italian city. "As you walk round Milan," he was quoted in *Corriere della Sera* (June 5), "the number of non-Italians makes it seem as if you are in an African city, not somewhere in Italy or Europe." Thus, to remedy the situation, it was necessary to "proceed with the refusal of entry policy." It does not appear to have been an exaggeration when Berlusconi boasted on the same occasion that, according to the latest survey, his approval rating has grown to 74 percent.

Milan is not an isolated case. Genoa, Turin, Venice, and virtually all of the major Italian cities find themselves in similar situations. In Brescia, for example, immigration is said to have been the main reason many former supporters of the opposition switched sides and threw their support to Berlusconi and his PdL party. "I am sick and tired that my wife is unable to stroll around in the evening and that non-EU immigrants are given a preferential track for state-subsidised housing," a former left-wing worker told *il Sole 24 Ore* (May 5). "Here in Brescia there is a curfew, you know."

The policy affects only 20 percent of immigrants and could be seen as just a first step in the right direction. It is nonetheless a landmark step, since it has demonstrated the foolishness of those who insist that immigration, legal or illegal, simply cannot be stopped, and that we must accept it and try to get the most out of it. The Italian government has shown that these are groundless opinions, so long as the political will exists to take common-sense measures. The mayor of Lampedusa, Bernardino De Rubeis, is reported to have accused Mr. Maroni of implementing the new policy merely for political purposes. "After the European elections, you'll see that the immigrants will come back," he told *Corriere della Sera* (May 25). We shall see.

Jetsam

by John Quintero

He wrote a poem of saying good-bye
And left it swimming in the chaotic sea
Of the jumbled papers, clothes and bottles—
And it stayed afloat, like a seagull
Buoyed up by the chill, cleaning fog
Of a bright, clear winter day.
"We go then, the wind biting our cheeks,
From here to heaven" . . . she told me so
When she appeared in the dusky window of
My speeding car and smiled "*See you*" sadly.
And I cried, "*Goodbye* . . . " and sped off to the devil,
Who seemed lovelier and kinder and immortal.
Later, I found this piece of his heart
Which is long gone and forgotten.
But the moment is not, but will be, by here
And now-ness.
But a sparrow in Australia at this moment
Is preening itself to get at a louse,
And a bit of tiny sparrow-down floats
Up on a wisp of air, and He takes delight
In its Beauty. Only He.
This comforts me as I cast out my rhymes
To the weather of the world under the stars.
"And remember my suckling days, when you
Held me, and he looked on wide-eyed?"
See you, I say, *when they bring the new mown hay.*

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by Paul Craig Roberts

Doubts About the Law

"Rawhide" Andrews was a Texas Ranger. He came to the force after it was reconstituted in 1874, the Rangers having been discredited in the years following the War of Yankee Aggression as an enforcement unit for carpetbaggers.

Comanches were in decline from smallpox and cholera and from the near extinction of buffalo by hide hunters. The Comanche attack on buffalo hunters at the Second Battle of Adobe Wells in 1874 brought the U.S. Army against their diminished numbers. The last of the free Comanches were driven into reservation in 1875, two years after the advent of the Winchester Model 1873, the "gun that won the West" according to the myth, but in actual fact the Winchester was too late.

In 1876 a few Comanche warriors led by Black Horse left the reservation and renewed raids and attacks on buffalo hunters, but the Comanches lacked the numbers to make their frustration with reservation life effective, bringing to an end Comanche resistance to white encroachment on their lands that began in 1820.

With the Comanches subdued, the violence that confronted Rawhide Andrews came from the outlaws among the white illegal aliens who had overrun Comanche lands—lands the Comanche had taken from the less numerous Apache.

On the frontier, violence flared easily, and a badge was scant protection from a faster gun. Rawhide wore two Colts, tied down for a smooth, easy draw. The rare left-handed gunmen always wore two pistols. The opposing gunman, being right-handed, would watch his opponent's right hand at the cost of his life.

Rawhide was equally fast with either hand until a Comanche arrow caught his right arm, an injury he kept to himself. Although still fast on the draw, he was now faster with his left pistol.

Texas Rangers sometimes pursued wanted men into other states or territories. Few objected. To kill or arrest a Ranger could bring a dozen Rangers upon a settlement, regardless of jurisdiction.

The dusty street in which Rawhide faced the notorious killer, Abe Hindeshaw, was far outside his jurisdiction. Hindeshaw had survived many encounters with gunmen. He saw Rawhide as another body to fill with lead. The two tied-down pistols he regarded as decoration. Experience told him that any action would come from the right-side pistol, if it came at all.

Still, Hindeshaw wondered, why had this man accosted him? Was he a greenhorn hoping to make a name for himself as a gunman?

Rawhide himself wondered if delivering justice justified the extraterritoriality he was asserting and whether he had met his match in this dusty street.

Rawhide could not escape the fact that his pursuit of Hindeshaw left him no choice but to kill or be killed. It struck Rawhide, unnerving him, that he did not know if Hindeshaw had actually done the deeds attributed to him or whether his notoriety was a scapegoat for the crimes of others. It was too late to invite Hindeshaw into the saloon for a drink in exchange for his life story. He couldn't tell Hindeshaw "don't come back to Texas or you'll be arrested" and ride away.

Here Rawhide stood facing death or the delivering of death. What had this to do with justice? Was Hindeshaw the murderer of innocents or a person demonized by authority, a person glorifying in the reputation that demonization had bequeathed him, a man too proud to be held accountable by liars? These questions arrived too tardy to avoid what was now inevitable. Swift movement, the flash of flame, vital organs smashed by lead.

Hindeshaw's confidence gave Rawhide time to shake off his doubts, to recover his intent, to focus on the deadly situation to which his hubris had brought him. It was no longer a question of right or wrong but of live or die. Demonized or not, Hindeshaw was a deadly man with a pistol.

Especially at this range. Many gunmen preferred close encounters where speed couldn't miss. Rawhide found his edge in distance. He was a good shot as well as fast.

He had let Hindeshaw get too close. Now he could not back up a ways without looking like he was running from the fight.

But he still had that edge. Let his right hand twitch while his left prepared for the draw.

Hindeshaw was fast—too fast. His bullet was several inches off and smashed Rawhide's right arm as Rawhide's bullet took Hindeshaw in the heart.

Rawhide had prevailed, but he realized that his injury was permanent. He had lost his edge. Henceforth he would be known as a left-handed gunman. He thought this over. Time to ask the Rangers for a desk job. Let younger, more certain men, unbothered by doubts, bring in the wanted. Rawhide had become too deliberative to serve justice. It could cost him his life—or the life of an innocent man. ©

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by Taki Theodoracopulos

Of Gentlemen Sportsmen

By the time you read this the U.S. Open will be in full cry. Tough, unsmiling professionals will be hitting balls back and forth with machine-like regularity, and Cyclops, the mechanical eye that overrides human decisions, will be resolving close matches. It is Aldous Huxley come true, with a little Orwell thrown in for good measure. Let's face it, tennis ain't what it used to be.

I went on my first tennis circuit exactly 52 years ago. It began on the French Riviera, Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo, then on to Rome, followed by the French Championships at Roland Garros Stadium in Paris. After that we crossed the Channel to Bristol, Newcastle, and eventually to Wimbledon, the grandest tournament of them all. When Wimbledon was over the good players crossed the Atlantic for the American grass-court season—South Orange, New Jersey, Newport, Rhode Island, Southampton, Long Island, and then on to Forest Hills, New York, for the American Championships, as they were then called. Lesser players like myself went on to play a smaller circuit in July and August—Venice, St. Moritz, Klosters, and so on. By the middle of September everyone went home until the following March and the French Riviera. There were some South American tournaments, but with mainly local contestants. Tennis was an amateur sport played by talented sportsmen who accepted free travel tickets and small, nominal amounts to make up for their expenses. The biggest under-the-table payment back in 1956 was Yaroslav Drobny's $400 gift from the Hamburg tennis club. I was given hospitality and 25 bucks at the Volpi Cup in Venice. Both Drobny and I were called shamateurs back then.

A recent book with an unfortunate title—*A Terrible Splendor*, by Marshall Jon Fisher—has brought back not only pleasant memories but a small amount of nostalgia. It's about the decade leading up to World War II, and the focus is on one of the most famous matches in Davis Cup history. In today's professional tennis world, the Davis Cup has become a nuisance, something most top players try to avoid in order to save themselves for bigger purses. Back then it was the highest accolade, and those who were picked to play for their country wore the title with pride. Half a century later, I am at times referred to as a former Greek Davis Cup player, and although Greece has hardly passed a round all these years, it is still a great honor.

The Davis Cup was equal in prestige to the Grand Slams of today, except, of course, one played for glory only. Donald Budge was a hard-hitting redhead from California who, in 1938, won all four Grand Slam singles titles in the same calendar year, a feat only matched by the great Australian Rod Laver in 1962, and then again in 1968. In the 1937 Davis Cup final round he faced the German baron Gottfried von Cramm, a great stylist who had won the French Championships two years in a row. The Davis Cup tie between Germany and the United States was played that year at Wimbledon, on grass, and Budge was a heavy favorite as he had beaten Cramm two weeks before at the Wimbledon championships in straight sets. The stage was set for good *versus* evil, democratic America against Nazi Germany, but things were not as simple as all that. The tie went down to two rubbers each when Budge and Cramm walked on the center court for the fifth and deciding match. Budge was a popular player, but Cramm was a great sportsman and gentleman. The trouble was that he was gay, and the Nazis were looking for an excuse to get rid of him, both for being upper class and for his homosexual tendencies. His tennis fame until then had protected him, but Hitler was reluctant to ring him and wish him good luck before the match. Looming over the match was Germany's coach, the American Bill Tilden, still considered the greatest player ever, as he managed to win Grand Slams into his late 30's. The trouble was Tilden was also gay, and the American powers that be had snubbed him.

Once the match between gay and straight, evil *versus* good began, Cramm played like a god, winning the first set 8-6, and the second 7-5. Budge won the third and fourth 6-4. When he pulled out the fifth set 8-6, Budge did not collapse and writhe on the turf, nor kiss the court in the current fashion. He quickly ran to the net and extended his hand to the baron. Cramm came up, took Budge's hand, and said, "Don, I want to thank you for making it possible for me to play the greatest match of my life." Hitler is still turning over in his grave.

I met Budge in 1955, and he coached me for one year. He had turned pro after 1938 and made a decent living playing exhibitions, but certainly had not cashed in on his fame. Cramm was sent to jail for homosexuality in 1938, later spent four years in the German army, resumed tennis after the war, married Barbara Hutton, and was killed riding an Egyptian taxi in 1976. I'd met him in the Sudan, where my father owned factories and Gottfried had been working for Krupp. We became fast friends and played tennis every morning before the Sudanese heat became unbearable. I won the Sudan Open in 1959, with Gottfried cheering me on. He was among the finest gents and sportsmen I have ever known. ©

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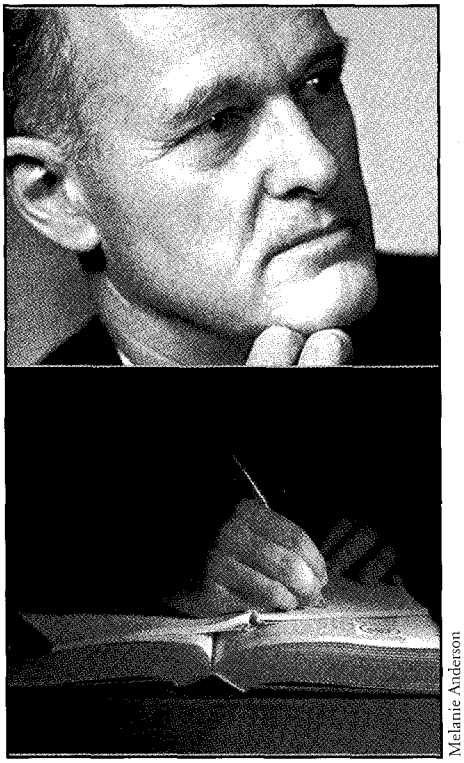
An American Prophet

by George W. Liebmann

"A prophet is not without honor, but in his own country, and among his own kin, and in his own house."

—Mark 4:4

George Kennan: A Writing Life
by Lee Congdon
Wilmington, DE: ISI Books;
208 pp., $25.00



Melanie Anderson

A half-dozen biographical essays or theses have now been written on George Kennan, including John Lukacs's recent and compelling *George Kennan: A Study of Character* (2007). This latest endeavor, by Lee Congdon, is an effort to assess Kennan as a literary figure rather than as a political one. In this, the author only partially succeeds: His background as an historian assures that his paramount interest is in Kennan's political ideals, not his literary style or form. Yet Congdon has provided a succinct and useful summary of Kennan's essential ideas.

He begins with a reference to Kennan's interest in his own antecedents, what Kennan memorably referred to in a passage (not cited by Congdon) as "the golden chain that binds the generations." Kennan found in this inheritance a tendency toward practicality, to empirical rather than deductive approaches to human experience, to intellectual independence which "limited his ability to form intimate associations with others . . . [making him] a man apart, an observer of, rather than a participant in, modern life." Congdon refers to Kennan's father in particular, a reticent man, but one with an aesthetic sense. Kossuth Kent Kennan was more than a "tax-lawyer," however, as Congdon describes him; he was also a figure in the Wisconsin progressive movement and the draftsman of America's first state income-tax law.

Congdon has little to say of Kennan's Princeton career, which was neither academically nor socially successful. Further inquiry or mention might nonetheless have been productive. Kennan himself thought the most helpful course he took at Princeton was one in economic geography, a subject almost totally neglected in today's schools and colleges, even in graduate schools of international relations. In an earlier time *Goode's School Atlas*, with its stress on economic production and trade routes, was a staple of American education.

Kennan viewed the writings of his grandfather George Kennan on Russia as excessively indulgent toward the revolutionaries, with their "preposterous and indiscriminate campaign of terrorism" and on account of what Congdon calls "the extent to which their criminal actions had provoked a response that fell upon them and others less guilty." This was the theme of Joseph Conrad's *The Secret Agent* and *Under Western Eyes*: The dilettantes of revolution called forth reactions that were comprehensive and terrible in their effects. There are, as has been said, no liberal police forces and few liberal armies. This was foreseen by Jacob Burckhardt in the 19th century. A contemporary writer of espionage novels, Alan Furst, facetiously alluded to

> the Russian revolution that would change the world, which it certainly had—provoking counterrevolutionary fascist regimes in Hungary, Italy, Romania, Bulgaria, Spain, Portugal and Germany. Fine work, Com-

George W. Liebmann is the author of several books, including Diplomacy Between the Wars: Five Diplomats and the Shaping of the Modern World.

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rade Lenin.

Kennan regarded the Soviet Union as a fragile and gradually decaying bureaucratic dictatorship, sustained by Russian nationalism and a waning Marxist faith. Its collapse was an instance of Hannah Arendt's proposition that in revolution power is not seized but left lying in the street. The readiness of American elites, in the face of isolated terrorist acts and momentary economic dislocations, to shed traditional inhibitions against detention without trial, and to impose arbitrary control by the federal Treasury of huge segments of the economy, portends that the phenomena of which Kennan wrote are of universal significance, and not limited to Russia and her hinterland.

The Russian fixation on economic improvement meant that economic disappointment produced a loss of "faith and self confidence" on the part of "true believers." "From the most morally unified country in the world, Russia can become overnight the worst moral chaos." Kennan saw similar tendencies at work in the United States, yet he hoped Americans would "seek their happiness and their salvation in their relationship to society as a whole rather than in the interests of themselves and their little group of intimate acquaintances."

Congdon's apologetic discussion of Kennan's ideas regarding the U.S. Constitution in some ways does Kennan an injustice. George Kennan's early writings favoring the disenfranchisement of various groups may jar current sensibilities, but his belief in the merits of indirect election was that of the Founding Fathers and underlies all successful parliamentary systems. The essence of constitutionalism is not mathematically exact representation but the limitation of executive power. As Charles McIlwain once put it,

> The two fundamental correlative elements of constitutionalism for which all lovers of liberty must fight are the legal limits to arbitrary power and a complete political responsibility of government toward the governed.

Even the later Soviet Politburo produced more stable, predictable, and responsible leadership than the vagaries of the current American presidential electoral system that has given us such "leaders" as John Kennedy, Bill Clinton, and George W. Bush, while placing politicians like Agnew, Quayle, and Cheney a heartbeat away from the presidency. As Learned Hand once observed in eulogizing Justice Brandeis,

> [he] believed that there could be no true community save that built upon the personal acquaintance of each with each; that thus alone could character and ability be rightly gauged . . . to find their station through the appraisal of those who have any first-hand knowledge of them. Publicity is an evil substitute, and the art of publicity is a black art.

Kennan's reflections on European nationalism and on the breakup of Austria-Hungary have in considerable measure been shared by the postwar Europeans. The European movement, for all its bureaucratic excesses, has subdued militaristic nationalism, and the free movement of labor and the Schengen treaty have produced a considerable mingling of populations and a growth in mutual tolerance. The reactionary nationalism of Margaret Thatcher or Václav Klaus should not distract thoughtful persons from recognizing this achievement, which in imperfect measure derived from Kennan's insistence that the Europeans should cooperatively devise the institution for receipt of Marshall Plan aid, as well as from the vision of continental statesmen like Monnet, Schuman, and Sforza and the preferences of Churchill and Macmillan, who were, in their way, good Europeans. Congdon notes that Kennan was not deluded by the temporary weakness of Germany and Russia and foresaw the unhappy fate of Eastern Europe. The United States in the aftermath of the fall of the Berlin Wall was so deluded; hence the extension of NATO guarantees, decried by Kennan as inviting a recrudescence of Russian militarism.

Congdon notes the influence upon Kennan of Helmuth von Moltke and the Kreisau Group. It is an overstatement to say, as Congdon does, that Moltke favored "an authoritarian state." The Kreisau Constitution that he drafted contemplated an indirectly elected national government with local foundations. Congdon regards Kennan's wartime recommendation of a postwar partitioning of Germany and a return to "small kingdoms . . . picturesque localisms of an earlier day" as "wildly unrealistic." But the Kreisau vision of bottom-up government formed the basis of Allied policy in Germany after the war. Local elections preceded Länder elections, which, in turn, preceded those to the Bundestag. The Basic Law, at the insistence of the Americans, resembled an idealized version of the original U.S. Constitution. Law enforcement and education, both higher and lower, are still reserved to the states, which also retain important controls over the Constitutional Court and are guaranteed both portions of the national fisc and freedom from conditions on fiscal grants by the national government. For this Kennan's memoranda are in some measure responsible.

Kennan was not a believer in national martyrdom in the face of totalitarian threats, preferring to take the long view as expressed by Learned Hand that "few things have done more to bring human beings from the abyss than the habit of acquiescence to the law as it is." He was a critic of Roosevelt's "unconditional surrender" policy and its effect on German resistance. He prophesied accurately that life in postwar America would not be conducive to "independence of speech and thought, honesty and courage of public life, dignity and quiet serenity of the home and of the family." And Congdon notes Kennan's prescient warnings that Americans should "restrain their excitement at the silent, expectant possibilities in the Middle Eastern deserts" and avoid positions

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"which tend to make the State of Israel a permanent war and military liability of the United States."

The American policy of withholding recognition as a sign of disapproval of foreign governments was reproached by Kennan; he wrote less on the currently fashionable practice of almost automatic economic boycotts, heedless of their consequences, that have given us such regimes as those of North Korea, Libya, Iran, Burma, and Cuba, as well as Saddam's Iraq and Assad's Syria. (There are lessons here in the evolution of China and Vietnam after economic sanctions were removed.) For Kennan every country had to be dealt with on an individual basis.

He also shared the view, expressed by the young Henry Kissinger in his doctoral thesis, that the central problem of politics is not the limitation of evil but the limitation of righteousness. He regretted his role in fostering "covert operations" by what became the CIA. He would not have smiled upon the growth of an intelligence establishment with a recently revealed budget of $48 billion. Methods of deception cause their authors "to lose all realistic understanding of the interrelationship, in what they are doing, of ends and means."

Military force, in Kennan's view, was not concerned so much with destruction for its own sake as with changing the enemy's frame of mind. Diplomacy was almost invariably of value—not summit diplomacy, but "the patient, quiet, orderly use of the regular channels of private communication between governments, as they have grown up and proved their worth over the course of the centuries." The quest for mutual interest had value; Kennan did not share Robert Kagan's view that diplomacy is properly viewed merely as an expression of military strength. Indeed, military victories are frequently illusory because of the social disruption that precedes them and the imponderability of their results. The stability of Europe was not fostered by the Allied "triumph" in World War I, the peace settlement, and the fragmentation of large rivals rendering Germany the geopolitical victor. Kennan noted, "it was precisely the German conservatives who recognized the dishonor that Hitler had brought upon his country." Nonetheless, he cautioned that even despotic rulers have, "as Gibbon once pointed out, a certain identity of interest with those who are ruled." He urged recognition of "a world of relative and unstable values"—not music to the ears of Manichaeans of any stripe.

Kennan rejected the utopian impulse toward "the centralization of all social and political authority, the subordination of all local and individual impulses to a collective purpose, centrally defined." Rather, he exhorted young people to make "humble efforts to bring a little order and civility to . . . immediate surroundings." He decried

> persistent externalization of the sense of danger—the persistent exaggeration of the threat from without and blindness to the threat from within . . . symptom of some deep failure to come to terms with reality—and with one's self.

He would have found in the blustering of today's neoconservatives an illustration of the British diplomat Sir Horace Rumbold's definition of nationalism: "patriotism plus inferiority complex." To the apostles of "national greatness," he opposed the view that "Great countries . . . are a menace to themselves and everyone else." Kennan took strong issue with Richard Pipes' view of Soviet Russia as an unchanging and militaristic state: Institutions, he argued, "were merely frameworks; what mattered most was les manieres." Congdon himself chastises the neoconservatives: "having awakened from their dogmatic slumber, they, like Pipes, saw little difference between Stalin and Nikita Khrushchev or Stalin and Brezhnev."

Congdon makes much of Kennan's misgivings regarding the immigration of great masses of people reared in quite different climates of political and ethical principle. This concern about the decay of the English political tradition of gradualism, tolerance, and respect for law has been voiced throughout American history by nativists who have successively taken alarm at the arrival of conformist Germans, rebellious Irish, Marxist Jews, and Italians with a suspicion of all public authority. It is Congdon, rather than Kennan, who concludes of today's Mexicans that "most of them arrived without any intention of assimilating . . . they expected Americans to accommodate their language and culture." While the rise of public officials like Alberto Gonzales and John Yoo to high office may seem to justify such forebodings, the generality of the new Latin American and Oriental immigrants has no attachment to the Mexican *federales* and "crony capitalism" and their Oriental equivalents, and may indeed possess the same admittedly imperfect capacity for assimilation to a society founded on a free market in labor and limited government that characterized most of the groups that preceded them.

Similarly, in acknowledging Kennan's environmentalist sympathies, Congdon declares that it is "one thing to exercise authority within national frontiers and quite another to do so internationally." Such international controls, in Congdon's view,

> aimed less at conservation than at reconstructing the social order along socialist lines . . . an international and bureaucratic tyranny would take aim primarily at the Western nations. Kennan was also excessively optimistic about the role that communist nations could be expected to play.

Yet experience thus far does not disprove the possibility of effective international environmental controls. The Montreal Protocol on ozone, negotiated under the Reagan administration by two career diplomats, John Negroponte and Richard Benedick, was conditional on the participation of almost all the generators of chlorofluorocarbons and secured the adherence of communist states. Other pro-

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posed environmental treaties, the Law of the Sea (LOSA) agreement and Kyoto agreement among them, are, whatever they may be, not socialist documents. LOSA expands the rights of littoral countries and seeks to limit the "tragedy of the commons," while free-market "cap and trade" systems are in vogue even among environmentalists. Kennan had kind words for Al Gore, and for an advisory international environmental authority appointed by the National Academies of Science.

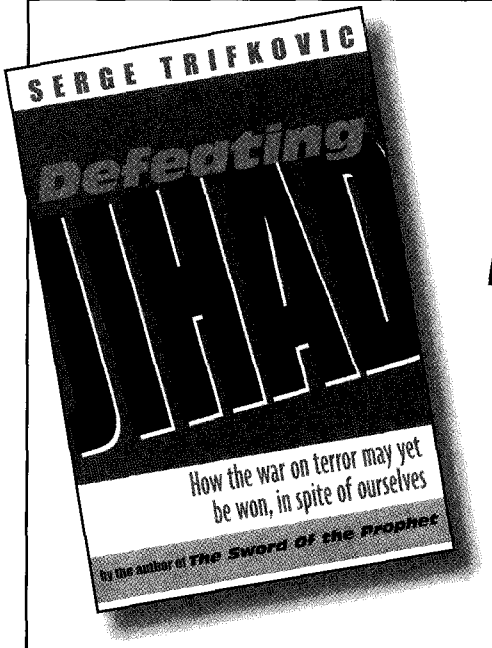
Congdon is right in declaring that Kennan had no belief in the beneficent effects of unlimited economic growth. (As Ellis Hawley has shown in *The New Deal and the Problem of Monopoly*, the same was true of most of the men of the second New Deal.) Kennan was also a critic of the industrialization of agriculture. This is not merely a nostalgic preference, as Congdon implies by identifying Kennan with the Southern Agrarians, notwithstanding the absence of any conscious parallelism of view. The European Common Agricultural Policy, and now that of Britain, are squarely aimed at social and environmental goals and are based therefore on income rather than price subsidies; the fateful watershed for American policy was the rejection of the similarly conceived Brennan Plan in 1949. Its hour may come round again.

Kennan plainly did not embrace capitalism as a secular religion. But it is a disservice to the relevance of Kennan's teaching, and that of his friend John Lukacs, to identify both men as reactionaries (Lukacs's self-identification as such notwithstanding); the changes in opinion that will follow from the recent economic disturbances may result in renewed attention to social views such as theirs.

Congdon notes the importance of Kennan's diaries but sheds no light on the question of whether plans exist for their publication. One hopes that the Princeton archivists in control of access to his papers will be more forthcoming with them than were the literary executors of Learned Hand, who appear to have suppressed his correspondence in the interest of political correctness. Perhaps Professor Congdon's present publisher, ISI Books, will take an interest in their release. (Professor Lukacs is currently editing for publication his own correspondence with Kennan.)

Congdon ends with a recognition of Kennan's tragic sense of life. "[M]easured by his literary distinction, service to country, wisdom and character, George Kennan was the greatest American of the century just ended." This is a just assessment, in light of Kennan's public influence during the Truman administration, which saved the world from unnecessary war and founded a prosperous postwar order in Europe and Japan. I suspect his criticism of the social and environmental policies of the Brundtland government in Norway is all that prevented him from being awarded a Nobel Peace Prize. Congdon's concise appreciation of him, though it does not analyze or explain his literary style, is a fine distillation of the work of this admirable man. ◈

From the author of *The Sword of the Prophet*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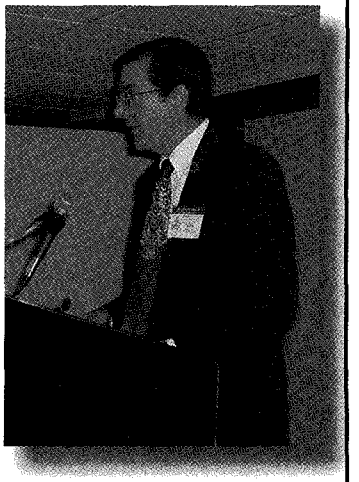
Defeating Jihad

by Srdja Trifkovic



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Wallow in the Mire

by Thomas Fleming

Samuel Johnson: A Biography
by Peter Martin
Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press; 640 pp., $35.00

Samuel Johnson: The Struggle
by Jeffrey Meyers
New York: Basic Books; 552 pp., $35.00

One of the less appreciated perils of literary fame is the risk a writer runs every hundred years as the anniversary of his birthday approaches. This year marks the 200th birthday not only of Darwin but of Lincoln, a completely irrelevant coincidence that inspired *Smithsonian*—the trivializing newsletter of "the nation's attic"—to celebrate the two men in the same issue. It turns out that Darwin and Lincoln were both featherless bipeds who had a lot of influence on the modern world. But then what else should we expect from the most consistently error-ridden propaganda sheet published in the United States?

Two thousand nine is also the 300th anniversary of Samuel Johnson's birth, and, although academic libraries are stuffed with popular biographies and learned monographs on the "Great Cham," poor Johnson's ghost must be trembling with impatience as the presses churn out new volumes. The trouble for every would-be biographer of Johnson is the unpleasant fact that he was the subject of the first major literary biography ever published, James Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, but even in his own day Boswell had to face competition from two people who had known Johnson before the young Scottish scapegrace had ever struck up an acquaintance with the great man: Hester Thrale (later Mrs. Piozzi) and Sir John Hawkins. Since Boswell's time the books and articles have never stopped coming, and in our own time Johnson has been the subject of two celebrated biographies: one, by John Wain, both sensible and readable; the other—a psychoanalytic travesty—by Walter Jackson Bate.

One would hope that a biographer, looking back on distinguished predecessors, would have something new and important to bring to the subject. If Peter Martin had such an expectation, he does not make it clear to the hapless reader. Overall, his book is well researched and, for the most part, clearly written. If there were no other books on Johnson, Peter Martin, who has already written good books on Johnson's friends James Boswell and Edward Malone, might have made a useful contribution to literary history. In the event, however, his researches have yielded little that is new, and the details he chooses to highlight often seem to obscure rather than to illuminate his subject.

These days, every biographer must have a theory or two to push, and Peter Martin is no exception. In virtually every chapter he informs the reader that Johnson was not the hidebound Tory of legend but really quite a progressive, and, from time to time, he reminds us that Johnson took quite a lively interest in young women. But neither of these opinions is exactly new. Johnson's intense feeling for social justice has been noted by such diverse writers as G.K. Chesterton and John Wain, and Martin's understanding of Toryism is the sort of thing one used to expect from Whig historians who had accepted Fielding's portrayal of Squire Western at face value. Tories like Dr. Johnson and Sir Walter Scott detested Whiggery precisely because they regarded the Whigs as the party of the ruthless rich who were willing to exploit the poor and betray their country's traditions for the sake of holding on to their money. One may debate the correctness of this judgment, but it is a waste of time to try to fit Johnson into a "progressive model." Martin rides this hobbyhorse so far that he even finds a progressive motivation for Johnson's defending Shakespeare from the charge that he violated the tragic unities and responding to Voltaire's critique of Shakespeare with an insult. He does not mention anywhere that Johnson loathed Voltaire and early in his career set out to counter the philosophe's pernicious ideas, but, then, Martin seems to have only the dimmest awareness of Johnson's thought.

Johnson's great contribution to our literature is as a moralist, in *Rasselas*, in his essays, and in his two imitations of Juvenal ("London" and "The Vanity of Human Wishes"). Unlike John Wain, Martin does scant justice to Johnson's moral teachings and offers little discussion either of the influences on his thought or of his originality. On page after page of *Rasselas* and the essays, Johnson offers penetrating insight into human misery, the importance of duty, and the burdens of loyalty. Of this, Martin gives us hardly a hint.

As for Johnson's supposed hypersexuality, he was not, I suppose, the only man to be interested in women, much less the only man married to a woman nearly twice his age to be excited by younger and more vital females. The 18th century was not the Victorian Age, and people talked a good deal more frankly about sex than they did even in the 1960's. Johnson is unusual only in making an effort—whether successful or not is a matter of conjecture—to lead a Christian life. The Freudian voodoo of Bernard Meyer, taken seriously by both Peter Martin and Jeffrey Meyers, contributes nothing to our understanding of Johnson the writer or Johnson the moralist, but such a preoccupation tells us all too much about our own squalid need to reduce a human life to its most primitive dimensions.

Johnson is, for me, the supremely interesting writer in the English language, but so far from not being able to put this book down, I found myself dropping it in weariness until I resolved to give it up two thirds of the way through—not without paging forward in a fruitless search for a serious treatment of Johnson's moral philosophy.

I opened Jeffrey Meyers' book, hoping to find some of the original insights that Meyers had displayed in his biographies of Hemingway, Lawrence, and Fitzgerald, but once again the unwary reader is trapped in a morality

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play devised by an author with a thesis to push. Johnson had to struggle with physical and emotional infirmities, and it is that struggle, then, which explains the writer's genius.

Meyers' well-known propensity for psychologizing is on full display in his latest book, and, armed with materials from two Johnson scholars who died without completing their works, he does offer new material, but much of the novelty is either speculative or salacious or both. What good it does—except to show us that Johnson had his human weaknesses—I cannot imagine. Meyers, once a frequent contributor to *Chronicles*, apparently thinks that in presenting the great man's human side he has magnified his literary achievements, but it is not at all clear he understands what those achievements are. I dropped the book even sooner than Martin's, with a sense of weariness and disgust. When the writer of Ecclesiastes complained that "of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh," he did not know, believe me, the half of it.

Neither Martin nor Meyers appears to have much of an appreciation for the 18th century, in general, or for Johnson's erudition, in particular. Johnson's most serious study had been of the ancient classics and of Renaissance humanism, but one looks in vain through Meyers' Index to find any hint of this, though there is room for entirely irrelevant allusions to Albert Camus and Gore Vidal. He boasts of offering a new interpretation of Johnson's great imitation of Juvenal's Tenth Satire, but proceeds to give us nothing more than a circular argument: First, he reconstructs Johnson's personal life, and then he reads that reconstruction into the poem. I thought they used to teach English majors about the biographical fallacy.

If either Martin or Meyers had contributed something to our understanding of Johnson's work, I should be prepared to overlook their tendency to wallow in the mire, but if they did make such a contribution, I was unable to find it. I wanted to praise Jeffrey Meyers out of loyalty, but the best I can say is to recommend that he return to the depravities of the 20th century where his Freudian reductionism will have a wider scope. This biography is the equivalent of a vandal's mustache scrawled across the *Mona Lisa*.

Thomas Fleming is the editor of Chronicles.

Freedom and Action

by Brad Green

The Theological Origins of Modernity
by Michael Allen Gillespie
Chicago: University of Chicago Press; 368 pp., $35.00

In this rich and dense book, Michael Allen Gillespie is self-consciously trying to correct the "standard" understanding of the origin of modernity. Rather than being the "victory of secularism," modernity, he says, is a series of attempts to grapple with fundamental theological issues: the realities of God, man, and nature, and, in particular, how meaningfully to construe the relationships between divine omnipotence and freedom, and human action and freedom: "[I]t is a mistake to imagine that modernity is in its origins and at its core atheistic, antireligious, or even agnostic . . . " Rather,

> from the very beginning modernity sought not to eliminate religion but to support and develop a new view of religion and its place in human life, and . . . it did so not out of hostility to religion but in order to sustain certain religious beliefs.

We should see modernity as

> an attempt to find a new metaphysical/theological answer to the question of the nature and relation of God, man, and the natural world that arose in the late medieval world as a result of a titanic struggle between contradictory elements within Christianity itself.

At the heart of the matter is the ascendency of nominalism within the framework of scholasticism: "Modernity came into being as the result of a series of attempts to find a way out of the crisis engendered by the nominalist revolution." As Gillespie writes, "While nominalism undermined scholasticism, it was unable to provide a broadly acceptable alternative to the comprehensive view of the world it had destroyed."

In Gillespie's view, nominalism entails a shift in understanding of three key areas: man, God, and nature. God is viewed as radically omnipotent; He can do whatever He chooses, and thus we do not really know if God will always do what is good or right. As nominalism took hold, man was increasingly viewed as an autonomous actor. Nature does not in any way participate in what Gillespie calls "divine reason"; it simply *is*.

Gillespie can suggest that at

> the end of modernity, we are thus left to confront the question whether there is any solution to this problem within the ontological horizon that modernity opens up, and thus whether modernity even in its most secular form can escape from the metaphysical/theological problem with which it began.

Gillespie goes on to offer summaries of the key thinkers involved in the attempt to find a way out of the nominalist crisis. During the Renaissance, Petrarch attempted to synthesize an Augustinian understanding of man's dependence on God with a Stoic one of man's independence. Erasmus espoused a Christian humanism that would counter Martin Luther's more thoroughgoing "nominalist" doctrine of an omnipotent God. Luther enters Gillespie's account as the main representative of the Protestant Reformation. Whereas Erasmus gave more attention to the dignity and freedom of man, Luther placed more emphasis on

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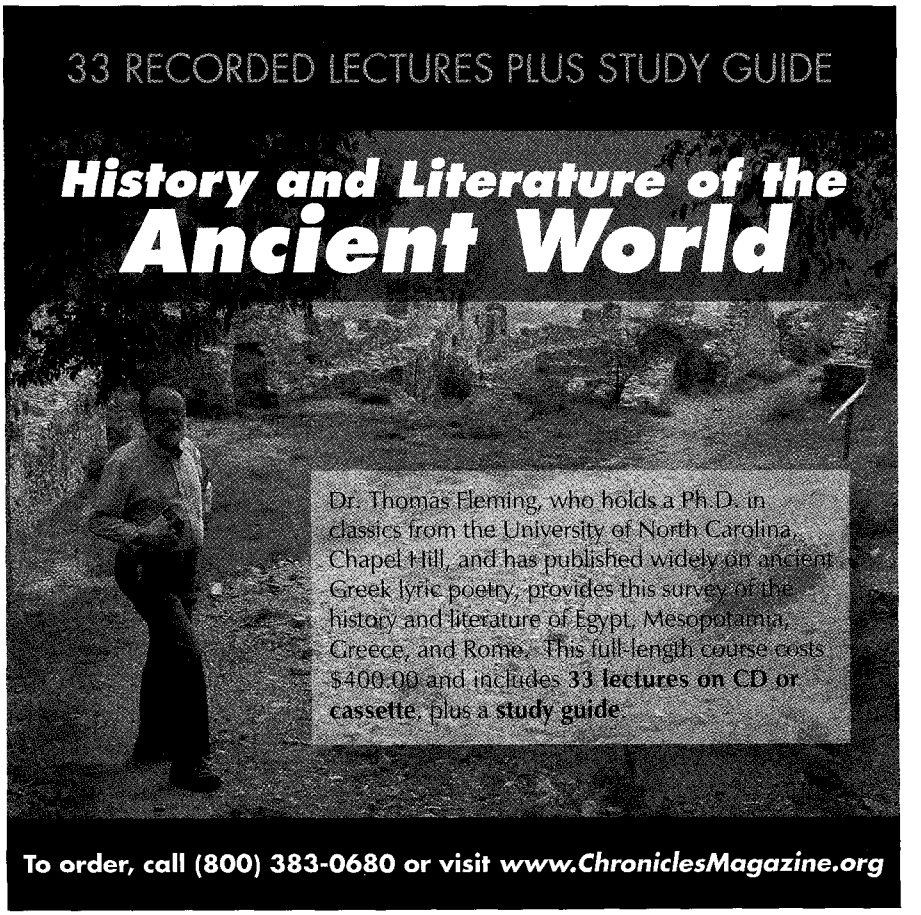
the omnipotence and freedom of God. Thus, while Erasmus and Luther became opponents, they were both working against a shared backdrop: Both tried to comprehend in some meaningful way the relationship between divine and human action or willing—ultimately a case, in Gillespie's view, of theological issues setting the intellectual agenda. Descartes then joins the narrative. Again, the "problem" of an omnipotent God—sparked by nominalism—was the backdrop for Descartes' intellectual project. Descartes ultimately deified man, and thus navigated the "conflict" between an omnipotent God and human freedom by adding another deity—man—to the mix. Thomas Hobbes could be considered as a Calvinist without the Gospel. He confronted the conflict between divine omnipotence and human freedom by accepting the reality of an omnipotent God but positing that He is a radically distant God; he also construed human freedom in terms of materialism. Finally, Gillespie traces the "nominalist revolution" forward through the Enlightenment. What at one point was a fundamental conflict between divine freedom and omnipotence, and human freedom and action, develops into a conflict between natural necessity (*i.e.*, a feature of the mechanistic, naturalistic worldview) and human freedom. Earlier streams of modernity were locked in a conflict between God and man. As modernity developed, it placed an increased emphasis on nature. Thus, Romanticism resolved the more recent conflict between nature or natural necessity and human freedom by virtually erasing the distinction between "nature" and "human nature" (suggesting that "nature was itself a vital spirit or world-will akin to the human will"), and naturalistic science contributed by effectively denying human freedom, since there is no ultimate qualitative difference between "nature" and "human nature."

A brief Epilogue considers Islam. Gillespie suggests that as long as Westerners fail to grasp the theological origins of modernity, we will be unable to understand who we really are. And if we do not understand who we are, we certainly will not be able to engage Islam.

Any attempt to offer an architectonic construction of an era and its thinkers is inevitably open to criticisms of overgeneralization or getting this or that detail wrong. It seems completely appropriate, however, for Gillespie to treat the question of the origin of modernity in explicitly theological terms. One might reasonably ask, however, if Gillespie's narrative is theological enough. Can it account for the reality that in both pre- and post-nominalist Christian thought men were able—at least to their own satisfaction—to affirm both divine omnipotence and freedom as well as human action and freedom? Throughout Church history, Christians have wrestled with notions of divine and human action or freedom, and have been able to affirm both divine and human freedom or action, even if there has been ongoing debate about the specifics.

The main players in Gillespie's narrative wrestle with very difficult matters. It seems mistaken to view modernity as the tale of various persons who are "simply" trying to make sense of a certain intellectual conundrum (*i.e.*, how to make sense of divine freedom and human action in light of the "nominalist" revolution). Rather, might we say—with Augustine—that our ability to "see" things is linked to the state of our hearts? The bishop of Hippo wrote that the reason people often fail to "see" the manifest beauty of creation is that their loves are disordered. If modernity is marked by an increasing emphasis on human autonomy as well as by a tendency to displace God, might one not be more critical of the motives and desires and intentions of the figures who make up Gillespie's narrative? Shouldn't we be asking why these specific ways of thinking developed at the points in history that they in fact did? Might there be more going on than simply an effort to come to terms with a supposed "nominalist revolution"?

Brad Green is an associate professor of Christian studies at Union University in Jackson, Tennessee.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by Aaron D. Wolf

Christian No More

C.S. Lewis wrote about the "death of words." In essence, he suggested that, whenever we feel compelled to append a noun with the adjectives *true* or *real*, it is safe to say that the noun has lost its meaning, or died. "No, no, we're *true* conservatives." There's my example.

So what do you do, then? Do you bury the rotting *logos* and fire up a neologism? "Thou art thyself," quoth Juliet, "though not a Montague." To which Romeo replied, "Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd." Of course we know that, upon receiving his girlfriend's ablution, all of Master Love's problems were solvéd.

Today, we have Christian hip-hop that "kicks it Jesus-style"; Christian denominations that employ clergy who deny every single proposition of the Nicene Creed; and Christian nations whose god is mammon. Some of us find ourselves using terms like *nominal Christian* and *true Christian*.

Has the word *Christian* died? And if so, what's to be done by those of us who are, er, the People Formerly Known As Christians?

Drop it! That's what an increasing number of American PFKACs are doing. They are no longer Christians; they are *Christ-followers*.

Now this appellation has been bouncing around the evangelical world for a few years, from Willow Creek to Saddleback. *Christian* carries all of that heavy baggage, whereas *Christ-follower* is intentional—it intentionally displays intentionality. Call yourself a Christ-follower, and stop those slandering naysayers in their tracks.

Ever see those commercials for Macintosh computers, where the cool, wise dude introduces himself, "I'm a Mac," while the geeky, inept nerdster adds, "and I'm a P.C."? Well one church has posted its own version on YouTube, in which the hipster is a Christ-follower, while the Christian is the total dweeb.

There are several installments of *I'm a Christ-follower*, and each follows the conventions of the *I'm a Mac* commercials. The Christ-follower is unassuming, disheveled, shoots knowing glances at the viewing audience. The Christian is unself-aware, besuited and benecktied, and wrapped up in a world of conventionalism and bumbling ineptitude. He has to wear his "Sunday best"; is heavy laden with theological books, "morality books," and a giant, leather-clad King James Bible, which he wields like a light saber; and has a surplus of "Christian bumper stickers." Meanwhile the Christ-follower wears jeans and a sweatshirt; keeps his hands in his pockets; listens to U2; and makes fun of the Christian.

Note the following paradox: The *I'm a Christ-follower* videos, which end with the words "Christian No More," are produced by something called Community *Christian* Church.

Note also that the image of the Christ-follower, as displayed by the aforementioned videos, corresponds to the image of the megachurch suburban Rejecter of Churchianity that is well-known enough to be an object of parody and ridicule itself among stand-up comics and Hollywood writers.

Is it too soon to say that the word *Christ-follower* has died? That the nascent neologism is already in need of replacement? What's a PFKAC-f to do?

There is no doubt that plenty has been done in the name of Christianity that has not been good for advertising. But then again, the Faith once delivered to the saints Itself is not really marketable in the first place. It may come as a shock to some of the Christ-followers out there, but *Christian* has taken a beating more than once in the past. And yet, the response of Christians has not been to change the packaging. In fact, they didn't see the name as packaging at all: It was a confession.

Some scholars are quick to point out that the word *Christianos* ("of Christ") only appears three times in the Bible. (That's three more than *Christ-follower*, for those keeping score.) "The disciples were called Christians first at Antioch," notes Saint Luke in Acts 11. Before that, and even after that, they were "disciples," "brethren," "saints," and "the faithful." But *Christian* quickly became established, so much so that, in Chapter 26, Luke recalls that King Agrippa admitted to Paul, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

It is Saint Peter's usage of the word, however, that illustrates its staying power: "if any man suffer as a Christian, let him not be ashamed; but let him glorify God on this behalf" (1 Peter 4). Earlier, Peter had been speaking about the happiness that comes from "partaking in Christ's sufferings." But be warned, he added: Not all slander comes as a result of partaking in Christ's sufferings. Some of it comes from being an idiot. "Let none of you suffer as a murderer, or as a thief, or as an evildoer, or as a busybody." Or a hipster or a dweeb, we might add.

In his *Apology*, Justin Martyr writes about the fact that, in the early second century, the name *Christian* came to be associated with atheism, because Christians refused to burn incense to the Roman gods. Well, obviously, they weren't really atheists, so should they repudiate the denigratory name?

On the contrary, writes Justin, how could they ever consider it denigratory to be called a Christian? "So far at least as one may judge from the name we are accused of, we are most excellent people." ◁©▷

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by Scott P. Richert

Manufacturing Our Future

Last month, I discussed what the future of manufacturing in the United States will have to be, if manufacturing in the United States is to have a future; this month, I can say with some certainty that I have seen the future of manufacturing, and it is here in Rockford.

Before you laugh and turn the page, let me hasten to assure you that the caveats I noted last month apply. The end of manufacturing cannot be production for production's sake, nor for the sake of ever-greater profits. In a global economy, in which the United States is competing with countries with low wages and few or no regulations, those are models for failure. Efforts at increasing efficiency and trimming marginal costs have their limits—some natural, some imposed by government and by the economic expectations of American workers.

Cut marginal costs too much, and your customers may find that, under normal conditions, the heads snap off one out of every ten screws, instead of one out of every hundred. When that happens, all the brand loyalty that you built up over the years can vanish overnight. Not only are customers no longer willing to pay a premium for your screws, they may switch to a different, non-Rockford (even non-American) product altogether. Good luck getting them back: It is a lot harder to introduce a "screw classic," made with the former tougher (and more expensive) alloy, than it is to return to the original recipe for sugared water.

This is not an entirely hypothetical discussion. Rockford was once known as the Screw Capital of the World, but today that title is most often used sarcastically, if at all. Attempts to gain market share and to compete against lower-cost (and lower-quality) foreign products sealed the fate of this sector of Rockford manufacturing.

But there are different models that manufacturers can pursue, as the history of Rockford's rise as a manufacturing powerhouse in the late 19th and early 20th centuries proves. What was the secret to Rockford's success? Profits took a backseat to a love of tinkering and innovation. Howard Colman created Rockford's first multinational corporation (the Barber-Colman Company), but that was not what he set out to do. Rather, like the much better-known but hardly more impressive Thomas Edison, he loved working with his hands and creating things that others had never dreamed of.

By the end of 1912, residents of Rockford (founded in 1834, chartered as a city in 1852) had been granted over 600 patents by the U.S. Patent Office, a remarkable figure considering that the citizens of the much older Northeastern industrial states of New York, Connecticut, and Massachusetts had received only about a thousand patents for each entire state. Colman himself racked up an amazing 149 patents and assisted others in obtaining dozens more. The economic success of the city followed innovation, not the other way around.

That is not to say that Rockford manufacturers did not care about making a profit. Of course they did. And having made a profit, they wished to make more. But there is truth in the old adage, "Build a better mousetrap, and the world will beat a path to your door."

Here's the funny thing, though: If you have a better mousetrap, you do not need the world to beat a path to your door to make a living—and a good one at that. In any age, some people are willing to pay more for quality. Others, of course, will not, even if they can afford it. The market naturally divides into niche markets, with relatively higher marginal profits, and mass markets, where companies make up for lower margins through volume. Now more than ever, manufacturers need to decide which market they wish to serve.

Most large companies today still prefer market share over higher profit margins. That is the Microsoft-Walmart-McDonald's model, and there is no denying that all three companies have made astounding profits over the years. Yet Microsoft is hardly known for innovation; its stock performance over the past several years has been subpar; and within the next year, it may be passed in market capitalization by Apple, a company whose market share, even after almost five straight years of growth, remains dwarfed by Microsoft's.

Apple's award-winning chief designer, Jonathan Ive, has often said that the company does not consider price or profit margins when designing its products. Instead, Ive and his team try to design something that Apple's employees would want, and so they focus on ease of use, durability, and aesthetics. Then, once they have done everything right, they decide if they can price the product at a point that will allow them to make a decent profit and to finance the development of other best-of-class products.

Designing the best-selling smartphone in the United States isn't a matter of pressing pork parts to make a McRib or crippling an operating system to make seven different versions of Windows Vista or determining whether dropping the final digits of a product's price to 88 from 99 will increase sales. Ive's efforts are closer to the spirit of Howard Colman, who wanted to know how things work and how he could make them work better—and, in so doing, made a living for his family and for those who depended on him.

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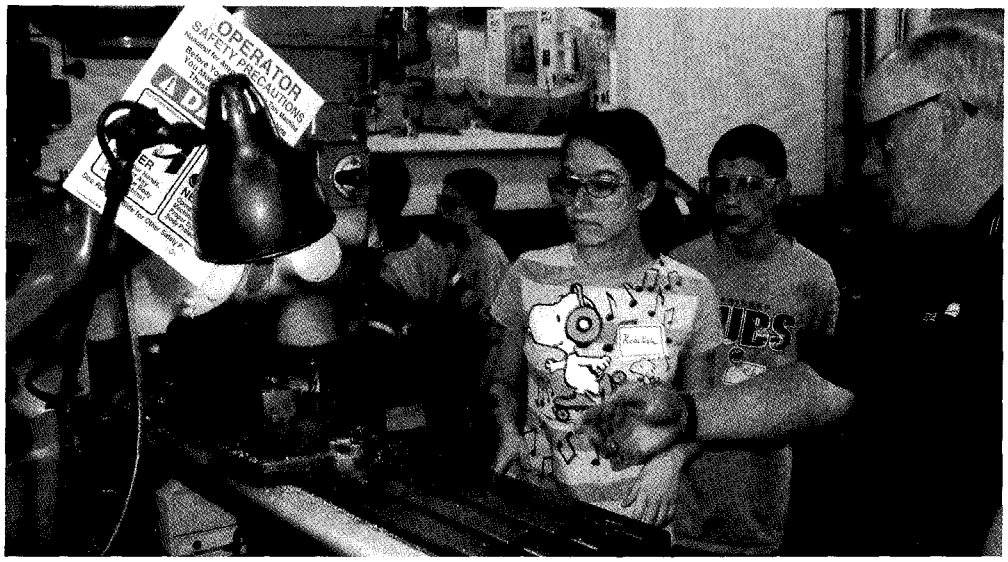

That is the spirit that needs to be revived if manufacturing is to survive and thrive in the United States. And the attempt to instill that spirit in the next generation of Rockfordians is what I witnessed in late July at the 2009 Techworks Manufacturing Camp.

Sponsored by Women of Today's Manufacturing, the PACCAR Foundation, and the Rockford-based Fabricators and Manufacturers Association, the manufacturing camp for eighth, ninth, and tenth graders has been held each summer for the better part of a decade. For the absurd fee of ten dollars each (all materials, lunch, and snacks included), ten students spend 20 hours over the course of a week learning the basics of the industry that made their hometown (and their country) prosper.

This is not a mini vocational-tech program but an attempt to show teenagers that manufacturing is about much more than assembly lines and machining (though the students all use machine tools during the course of the week and take factory tours on the final day). In every session, the instructors stressed the need for the students to work hard at their studies—not only in math and science, but in the liberal arts as well. A spirit of intellectual curiosity goes hand-in-hand with mechanical innovation.

This year's camp was held at the EIGERlab, a research and development center where local educational institutions and private industry collaborate. That gave the students access to rapid-prototyping machines, including 3-D printers and plastic fabrication units, which in as little as an hour can turn a computer-aided design into a working sample. Such advances in technology can cut weeks or even months off of the time that it took Howard Colman to transform one of his visions into reality.

What such machines cannot do, however, is dream up those visions. Curiosity, imagination, and ingenuity will always be necessary. But in our mass-manufactured world, those human qualities are in increasingly short supply.

At the Techworks manufacturing camp two years ago, former *Cheers* star John Ratzenberger told the students how, as a child, he loved taking things apart and putting them back together, and creating new objects out of wood and metal. Fed a steady diet of video games and television, children today miss out on this rite of passage, and that dampens or even extinguishes the flame of invention.

For five years, Ratzenberger hosted *Made in America*, a cable show that profiled outstanding American manufacturers, including several in the Rockford area. Inspired in part by what he saw at the Techworks Manufacturing Camp, he helped found the Nuts, Bolts & Thingamajigs Foundation, which, among other activities, funds similar camps around the United States. (Nuts, Bolts & Thingamajigs has now merged with the Fabricators and Manufacturers Association and is based here in Rockford.)

Each day of the manufacturing camp ends with a lunchtime speaker who explains to the students why he or she chose manufacturing as a career. The speaker on the final day was Brad Harrison of Harrison Harmonicas (*HarrisonHarmonicas.com*). While the United States is the world's largest market for harmonicas, Harrison Harmonicas is the only American manufacturer of the instrument. Harrison achieved this distinction the same way that Howard Colman built the first multinational corporation in Rockford: He began tinkering. Dissatisfied with imported harmonicas, he started customizing them, and, as he told the *Chicago Journal* (April 12, 2009),

> When you customize, you learn all of the mistakes that the manufacturers are making. It got very frustrating thinking all I'm doing is fixing these manufacturers' mistakes. Why don't I just start my own factory?

In this first year, Harrison expects to produce about 10,000 harmonicas—a drop in the bucket compared with the seven million or so that are sold every year in the United States. Yet, since his customized harmonicas have been prized by such musicians as John Popper, Bono, and Bruce Willis, Harrison should have no trouble capturing the niche market of high-end ($160 to $180) instruments.

The students were impressed when Harrison told them that the machines he had used to prototype his designs were the ones they had used earlier in the week. They were more impressed, however, by the story of how a professional musician who had toured for a dozen years gave it all up to create something that will last. In a world filled with mass-produced plastic junk that you can easily tear apart but can never put back together, a finely crafted instrument, or a piece of furniture, or a tool that can be passed from father to son to grandson may still have the ability to inspire some young people to attempt to make their own dreams into reality. ◈

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Letter From Augusta

by Brian Kirkpatrick

The Walk Up Cemetery Ridge

The private-school league's middle-school basketball playoffs were home games for Prep. Prep is the town's most expensive private school, and their gym is beautiful: spacious, air conditioned, the wall by the entrance made of plastic so the new, impressive weight room is visible on the other side of a hall. We met them in the girls' finals. We're Westminster, the evangelicals, where in fifth grade our daughter had to memorize a Bible verse every week, and for graduation from day school, the fifth graders recited 1 Corinthians 13 together from memory.

Westminster is tiny—my high-school graduating class was 20 percent bigger than the 12 grades at Westminster combined—but academically it's as demanding as Prep. At Awards Day, two or three of our high-school graduating seniors had perfect scores on the national Latin exam, and it seemed that every other kid who had taken Latin was in the top 100 in the country. We don't have as many doctors as Prep, or as many kids whose parents are from other countries. More of our parents are bankers, businessmen, or pastors, and many families have a relative on a Christian mission in another country. At the playoffs, our side of the big gym was nearly full, with parents, aunts, friends, and a few recent grads. Maybe if more of their relatives had been there, the Prep cheerleaders wouldn't have chanted, at the end of one of our girls' cheers, "Is that all? Is that all?"

After the cheerleaders' halftime show, the Westminster kids migrated to the far left end of the stands. All three middle-school classes were packed together into a single mass, shoulder to shoulder. After a while, the whole group started a complex cheer, clapping their hands, stomping their feet, and chanting in rhythm. No one led them from the front of the group; it started somewhere in the middle. Why did all of them know it? Why did they all decide to join in?

A couple of months later, at the end-of-the-year swimming party, the rising seventh graders got together at another family's house. When we went to pick up our daughter, all of the kids were in the pool, involved in a quiet, intense game. One kid was seated on the diving board, the others all focused on him, talking among themselves and tossing guesses at him. After a while he slipped into the water and another took his place. No adult had organized them; they had started the game themselves.

The First Presbyterian pastor is the chairman of Westminster's board of directors. His three kids go to the school, but most of the First Pres kids do. On Sunday nights the Westminster kids do the same thing they did at Prep, what they do in pools, at school plays, at every home basketball game: The middle-school and high-school kids sit packed together, front left in the sanctuary, shoulder to shoulder.

Above the entry to the church there are two markers—one from 1904, commemorating the first century of First Pres; the second, from 2004. That makes the church young by the standards of Europe or even New England, but impressive for us in the South. The grounds are covered by tall trees, and catty-corner from the church is the house where Woodrow Wilson lived as a boy when his father was the First Pres pastor. Wilson seems alien to the church I know. His belief in his own righteousness contrasts with the current pastors, who in their sermons wryly acknowledge their own sinful natures.

The church and school form a powerful net, all of it interconnected and holding the kids tight. Many of the Westminster teachers go to First Pres, and the church's representatives show up at odd times. I encountered one of my daughter's summer-camp counselors—an assistant youth minister at First Pres, fresh out of college—at a dinner party at the lake just outside of town. After we ate he razzed the three teenaged boys at the table and gossiped with them about the other boys who had gone to camp with them. Referring to the perpetrator of a notorious camp escapade, he said, "I'm all for adventure. But he thinks rules don't apply to him. That's his pride speaking. I love him, but he needs to work on that pride."

Like the rest of the system, he was on message: We love you; now behave.

Six weeks later the 13-year-old younger brother of the scofflaw discussed at the dinner party ran and jumped into the same assistant minister's arms as the latter walked into a party at our house. I didn't know my daughter had invited the minister to her birthday party. He fit right in, one of the first to get tossed into the pool with his clothes on.

Sometimes I look at the First Pres/Westminster parents and kids and think, "The officer corps of the Confederacy." At Gettysburg, products of this same culture walked in the line that Pickett sent up the slope and into the cannon on Cemetery Ridge. Half of them fell before the survivors returned to the line of trees where they had started. They took flanking artillery fire from the right and left, walking up that hill, and as their numbers thinned they shortened their line, drawing close together. Historians say this bunching up was a natural reaction to the cannon fire on both sides. Maybe, but I think they were used to being shoulder to shoulder, and if they were likely to die, as they knew they were, it was natural to move in tight.

Some believe that the problem with loving the people to whom you belong is that you are too ready to go to war or to oppress others because

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you can't love people who aren't like you. Even if that were true, the problem is that the alternative is much worse. We see it around us: drugs and crime, the death of learning, millions of children with no father, a culture that slides into barbarism. There is no solution to human life; there is only better or worse management of our savagery.

In 1 Corinthians 13, the chapter the Westminster fifth grade memorized, Saint Paul said, "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things." Much of what he wrote in that letter is said with great beauty, but we do not put childish ways behind us completely. I hope my daughter does not, for what she has is more than a happy childhood, more than being placed in social circles where some day she will find a loyal, family-centered husband. This is sitting next to Christ, shoulder to shoulder, until she dies. This is how to have a happy life.

Brian Kirkpatrick writes from Augusta, Georgia.

Letter to a Student

by Jonathan Chaves

History and Nature

Thanks for your response. I enjoyed it immensely, and I believe you will understand that this is debate as it should be, not the invective that often substitutes for intellectual vibrancy these sad days.

One of the pitfalls of this point in history is that everything ends up reduced to discussions of "slavery." One single institution is used to paint the entire past with a broad brush as "oppressive." With such an attitude, a society is forced to spit on the graves of its ancestors, and no civilization that does that can survive. Slavery has been practiced in various historical contexts; in Western civilization it has never been a norm, and during its relatively brief existence in the American South, it was vehemently protested against by such poets as William Cowper and William Blake in Britain as well as the whole abolitionist movement. If you ever look into some of the writers in *Chronicles* such as Clyde Wilson, you'll find that the South would in all likelihood have phased the practice out without the Civil War occurring; of course, we cannot know for sure. But everything cannot be reduced to this alone. Even giving women the vote is legitimately controversial; the whole feminist argument about women being collectively "oppressed" is ahistorical and open to rebuttal. As early as 1910 G.K. Chesterton wrote a brilliant essay called "Feminism: The Mistake About Women."

The whole attempt to frame history in terms of the oppression of one "group" by another derives from Marx. It goes no further back than that. And because counter-Marxist arguments are not systematically presented to your generation of students, you are left taking for granted what is in fact highly contentious.

On the question of homosexuality, the cultural left, joined by the libertarian right, have swallowed the claim that people are "gay" by nature, as they are male or female, black or white. Are they? What is "nature"? And what happened to free will, without which we are not even human? It has been argued that there is a certain chromosome which causes a man to engage in criminal activity. Does that mean the activity—robbery, murder—must be condoned? Of course not. We all agree that if a man has a biological urge to do something agreed to be wrong, he can and must mortify or suppress it. So the real question is whether the action or behavior is wrong. Robbery? Murder? We have a solid consensus that they are wrong. What about an urge or desire to have carnal relations with someone else of one's own sex? Down through the ages, and virtually universally, it has been considered to be wrong. Exceptions, such as the philosophers' cult of homosexual relations with boys in ancient Greece, or the samurai cult of homosexuality in medieval Japan, prove the rule in the sense that neither of these was fully or openly accepted by the societies in question. As C.S. Lewis pointed out years ago, the ancient Greeks always referred to it, on the rare occasions when they did, with a "snicker," and in Japan Ihara Saikaku wrote a series of hilarious parodies of the samurai cult in the 17th century.

Like all conservatives, I prefer not to argue on the basis of "rights," as sooner or later one right will come into conflict with another, and there will be no way to determine the conclusion except by placing arbitrary decisionmaking power in the hands of the judges who happen to be sitting on the bench at a given moment. This puts inordinate power in the hands of a few individuals.

Where does that leave us, the first generation in the history of the world with a "movement" to legitimize homosexuality in the public square? It looks as if the argument that "gayness" is a natural part of personal identity won't work, because we universally reject any claim that kleptomania, even if granted to be "natural," is an aspect of identity. We still cling to the insight that men possess free will. So, is the behavior morally acceptable? For the first time in history, there is a critical mass ready to answer "yes." This is an argument for tolerance in the true sense. (I think something is wrong but will look the other way. If I see nothing wrong with the thing, I can't be said to "tolerate" it; I fully accept it without question.) It is no argument for what the "activists" are pushing for, and are actually achieving incrementally, largely on the strength of the argument that homosexuality is "natural," "biologically" driven. (In publications aimed solely at fellow "gays," some activists openly acknowledge that they think it is a choice—and defend it on those grounds. "Let us do what we want to do!") To have public, legal, institutional validation of what has been considered an aberration throughout

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history is to act foolishly.

If you have no problem with homosexual acts, then there apparently is no problem for you. What about me? Could I have a lifelong friendship with someone who is "gay"? Yes, I could and have. Because we shared a great love for Chinese art, of which he was an internationally famous collector. We simply avoided talking about his perversion.

Down through the centuries, society has dealt correctly with the situation—generally speaking, silence in public and tolerance in private. We now have a truly bizarre reversal, with homosexual activists saying to those opposed, "We are coming out of the closet; you must take our place." And that includes a photographer fined $6,000 for refusing, on religious grounds, to take a "wedding" picture of two men. (These are not the only grounds for considering homosexuality to be wrong; a card-carrying atheist can think so as well, because the male-female polarity is foundational in nature.)

We are now left with a simple power struggle in the political sphere. I stand with those who uphold the traditional understanding of marriage, male and female, usually monogamous, sometimes polygamous, sometimes polyandrous (in other cultures). Every individual may enter into marriage. Two men do not and cannot constitute a "marriage"; they have no "right" to redefine basic concepts.

This is probably much more on the subject than you wished, but you see how as an intellectual community we have been forced into a false position: unquestioningly accepting a framing of the "debate" by one of the two sides. Without clearing the air of this error, there can be no proceeding to a deeper level of discourse. And that is a great shame.

Jonathan Chaves is professor of Chinese at The George Washington University, Washington, D.C.

Letter From Québec

by Luc Gagnon

The Quiet Apostasy of Québec

The Canadian province of Québec is the only French-speaking region in North America where the official language is still French. It is spoken by more than 80 percent of the population. Québec is the last living bastion of the French North American Empire founded in the 17th century. It was the realization of Catholic and Royal France at her zenith, the France of Molière, Pascal, Racine, Bossuet, Fénelon, Olier, and Louis XIV. It was a work of colonization, and it was a work of evangelization for the native tribes.

Québec City was founded in 1608 by a generous explorer and ship captain, Samuel de Champlain, who became the first governor of the colony and collaborated closely with the Catholic Church. The Recolet Brothers, a group of reformed Franciscans, came to the city in 1615, and the Jesuits arrived in 1625. In 1635, the Jesuits created a college in Québec City, one year before the foundation of Harvard College in Cambridge, Massachusetts. In 1673 Blessed François de Laval was consecrated at Saint-Germain-des-Prés Abbey (Paris) as the first Roman Catholic bishop in North America. He had established the Seminary of Québec in 1663 for the sanctification and the education of the clergy. As the founder of the Church in Québec, he lived a simple and evangelical life with his community of priests around the seminary and the cathedral until his death in 1705. The Ursulines, led by Blessed Marie de l'Incarnation, founded the first school for French and native girls in 1639, the same year that the Augustinian Sisters founded the first hospital in Canada, the Hôtel-Dieu of Québec City. The eight Holy Canadian Jesuit Martyrs, known in the United States as the North American Martyrs, shed their blood in the 17th century among the native tribes for their evangelization efforts. Montreal was founded in 1642 by members of the French Society of the Blessed Sacrament, led by Paul Chomedey de Maisonneuve, for the conversion of the natives and the building of a Catholic society. Originally, the city was called Ville-Marie.

The 1763 British conquest, which followed the defeat of the French army on the Plains of Abraham (September 13, 1759), was a difficult test for the young French Catholic colony of 60,000. The British Parliament's Québec Act of 1774 permitted the free practice of the Roman Catholic religion, and the French community was able to survive thanks to a compromise between the English crown and the French Canadian elite, particularly the clergy. Yet recruiting was difficult for the Canadian clergy and religious orders. In 1773 the Jesuits were suppressed by Pope Clement XIV. By order of the British governor, they were not allowed to recruit any novices until the death of their last member in 1800. With the help of many priests who had been expelled from France by the anticlerical revolutionaries after 1789, the French Canadian Church launched a Catholic revival. This gained ground after 1840 under the guidance of Bishop Ignace Bourget of Montreal, and Louis-François Laflèche of Trois-Rivières, an old city founded in 1634. This inaugurated a period of stability for the Church and society that lasted more than 100 years (1840-1960). It was nourished by one of the highest birthrates and one of the highest rates of religious and priestly vocations in the Western world. Québec was then described by American and English Canadian sociologists as a "priest-ridden province."

World War II was a critical period for the traditional way of life of the French Canadians. A few years before, for the first time in history, a majority of French Canadians were living in an urban environment. This posed a great challenge for the Church. It was difficult to reach the faithful in the city among the Protestants, Jews, and nonbelievers, particularly in Montreal. With the war also came the need for many women to work outside of their homes. The Liberal government

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of Adélard Godbout granted suffrage to the women of Québec in 1940. The traditional concept of family was in danger, according to Church leaders such as Jean-Marie-Rodrigue Cardinal Villeneuve, archbishop of Québec City. Nearly 98 percent of French Canadians were still officially Catholic, but some new intellectuals began to criticize the Church and traditional society in the 1950's, especially those surrounding the journal *Cité Libre*, led by the future Canadian prime minister Pierre Trudeau, who was a liberal Roman Catholic educated by the Jesuits at Montreal's Collège Jean-de-Brébeuf. (For an insightful look at this period, see *The Catholic Origins of Québec's Quiet Revolution, 1931-1970* (2005), by Michael Gauvreau.)

In 1950 the Church was still in charge of Québec's education and healthcare systems. The two French universities were under a pontifical charter, and the secondary-school system was controlled by the religious communities and the secular clergy. It was an enrollment requirement at the universities to have passed through the classical college system, which was also controlled by the clergy. Maurice Duplessis, the conservative and nationalist premier of Québec from 1936 to 1939 and again in 1944-59, was a friend of the conservative Catholic hierarchy and a defender of traditional society. He fought socialist ideas and groups, and he was able to stop the Liberal Party in the 1950's. He was even able to ban Pierre Trudeau from teaching at the Université de Montréal, which was controlled by the Sulpicians.

After the death of Duplessis in 1959, the Liberals quickly won the elections of 1960 under the familiar slogan "*C'est le temps que ça change!*" ("It is time to change!"). This political and social modernization was in step with the Second Vatican Council (1962-65), which opened the gates to all sorts of liberal trends in the Church. Québec changed radically in just a few years (1960-76) in this "Quiet Revolution." The birthrate became one of the lowest in the Western world; French-Canadian priests left their ministry at record levels, and the Church abandoned her educational and healthcare institutions to the state. Some sociologists call it a late modernization process of a traditional and Catholic society, similar to what happened in Portugal after Salazar (1970), Spain after Franco (1976), Ireland (1980's), and Poland after communism (1990's).

Québec was transformed from a Church-shepherded society to a nanny state. Many priests became servants of the state, as bureaucrats, rectors, professors, and teachers. Education reform after 1964 was inspired by the American high school, with its utilitarian orientation and scientific emphasis. The old classical college, where Latin, Greek, philosophy, and French literature dominated, was abolished.

To get the support of the Church, the Liberals of the 1960's, who were still nominally Catholic for the most part, allowed Catholic children to receive one or two lessons per week in Catholicism. This was carried out in a generally neutral educational milieu, but it was still officially Catholic because of Article 92 of the Canadian Constitution of 1867. These religion courses, and the schools themselves, became less and less identifiably Catholic from 1964 to 1995. Then in 1997, the government of the Parti Québécois (PQ), a French-speaking, left-wing separatist party created in 1968, helped to pass a constitutional amendment that completely secularized the school system in Québec. The Church in Québec officially accepted this fundamental change in order to accommodate non-Christian immigrants, who began arriving in significant numbers in the 1980's, mostly from Muslim countries, on the Island of Montreal. In September 2008 the Liberal government of Québec, with the support of the PQ and the Québec Church, imposed a multicultural course that taught six different religions to all students, in grades one through twelve. With church attendance at less than five percent of the population, it seems the final nail has been hammered into the coffin of a once-Christian nation.

Luc Gagnon is the publisher of Égards.

Letter From Québec

by John Remington Graham

I Remember

For some years I have lived in Québec as a friendly alien from the United States, traveling from time to time back to my native Minnesota and other states to practice law in my fields of interest. I am married to a French-Canadian wife who is a member of the bar and *mairesse* of our country village. Together we have raised our bilingual children of dual citizenship. I was involved in helping to defuse by effective legal means the separatist crisis which posed a very real threat of civil war between Québec and Anglo-Canada. Québec now enjoys the security of the Confederation, yet has the option of independence. She has an adjudicated right of secession from the Union in certain circumstances. Her flag alone, without the federal banner, flies from her parliament building. And she has constitutional standing as a distinct society and a nation within Canada. Both the prime minister and the leader of the opposition in Ottawa are honest friends of Québec. The hostility between Québec and Anglo-Canada, which once came close to unleashing hatred and spilling blood, is now a thing of the past, mercifully dormant, thankfully forgotten. The Union waxes strong from sea to sea. Canada did right in 1995-2000 what the United States did wrong in 1860-65. Both Daniel Webster and John C. Calhoun would have been edified by what I watched unfold before my very eyes.

Québec has since sunk into an identity crisis, trying to determine what she is. Politicians imbued with political correctness, multiculturalism, and other contemporary inanities say that Québec is a pluralist society, yet nothing could be more obvious to a foreigner like myself than that Québec is a French, Catholic society, unspoiled by the corrupt values of the French Revolution. Of course, there are minorities that are generally well

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treated, but this society is homogeneous. My friends here are amused by my "anglophone" accent, they correct my errors in French grammar, they try out their English on me at parties and receptions, and they make me translate French into English for them, but Québec is their country. Accordingly, I write strictly as an American observer living among them.

The motto of Québec is "*Je me souviens*"—"I remember"—for these people are supposed to remember their roots and thus recall who they are. But natives here are so close to the situation that many of them have forgotten. It is no secret that Québec is the modern legal embodiment of what was New France, which was cradled by the French crown, but above all else was a missionary project of the Catholic Church, as is everywhere apparent even in our age of secular humanism run riot. After the Battle on the Plains of Abraham, French magistrates and troops went back to Europe, leaving the Catholic Church as the indigenous basis of order and civilization. British soldiers and diplomats came to an understanding with the Catholic Church: The inhabitants of Québec could keep their language, their religion, and their culture if they would be good subjects of the king of Great Britain, who then sweetened the deal by teaching the arts of British parliamentary government. It was one of the most fabulously successful, mutually beneficial political bargains in the history of North America. And so Québec is a French and Catholic society, make no mistake about it, but she is also a society decorated with Scottish tartans, Irish shamrocks, and fine old English names of French-speaking families—a society raised to maturity by the British crown. Without the Catholic Church and the British crown, everybody in Québec would today be eating American hot dogs, drinking flat American beer, and watching American baseball.

During the tense days when the enemies of Québec engineered a reference to the Supreme Court of Canada in the expectation that the judges would deny any right of secession, the lawyer pleading the cause for Québec gallantly rested his argument on the constitutional attributes of the British crown. The political turning point in the struggle came when the cardinal-archbishop of Montreal, prince of the Catholic Church, insisted in a dramatic public statement that the people of Québec, not the judges in Ottawa, would decide the question of independence from the rest of Canada. About the same time an eminent federalist statesman in Québec, who had led the opposition to separatism in the provincial legislature, stepped forward. Like many Québécois his given name was French, but his family name was Irish. Eloquently, he said that, while he always favored the reconciliation with Anglo-Canada, he never doubted that Québec had a constitutional prerogative to withdraw from the Union. And Québec prevailed against all odds by thus asserting herself, based on her true identity which reposes on the historic alliance between the British crown and the Catholic Church. The hard-nosed federalists in Ottawa have been in denial ever since.

Yet once the sovereign rights of Québec were memorably vindicated, the identity of the French nation of North America has been ruthlessly attacked, not by wicked politicians in Ottawa who are now icons of the past, but by all three political parties in the national assembly of Québec. For legislators have been duped by bureaucrats and pseudo-intellectuals doing the bidding of high finance and betraying their country. Québec now has a law that requires obligatory teaching of a new state religion in all public and private schools. It was once guaranteed as a constitutional principle in the Québec Charter that parents could stipulate the religious and moral instruction of their children in public schools. It was possible for parents to designate that their children should be taught the Catholic Faith, or the Protestant Faith, or enrolled in a course in general civic morality. About 86 percent of the children in Québec thus received Catholic instruction. But now the government has abolished this regime and imposed something else, which is a mandatory teaching of all religions in one general course of instruction—Catholicism, Protestantism, Orthodox Christianity, Islam, Judaism, Buddhism, Hinduism, Taoism, Confucianism, grand medicine of the Indian tribes, even NOW-style feminism and Al Gore-style environmentalism, indeed every religion or quasireligious teaching, including atheism and agnosticism. For, you see, although Québec was an harmonious society before, we must all "get along" according to those who have designed this course in "religious and cultural ethics."

All religions now must be taught in Québec as true, equal, and one, and this synthesis is drummed into the minds of children, over the protest of their parents. The minister of education has fanatically taken a hard line that, while exemptions are allowable under the statute, no exemptions shall ever be granted. The difficulty is that this view is nothing but obligatory teaching of Freemasonry, contrary to the traditional teachings of the Catholic Church, which is a cornerstone for the unique identity of Québec. This teaching has been condemned by Leo XIII in the encyclical *Humanum genus* (1884), by Pius XI in the encyclicals *Mortalium animos* (1928) and *Divini illius magistri* (1929). This course in "religious harmony" has been condemned by the new cardinal-archbishop of Québec and Catholic primate of Canada, and by the prefecture of Catholic education at the Vatican. The prerogative of parents to supervise the religious and moral education of their children has been repeatedly confirmed, not only by the Catholic Church, but by the Supreme Court of Canada.

Lawyers and parents are now preparing to assault this outrage in the superior court of Québec. I know the lawyers; they are excellent men. And although they are right and the law is on their side, the outcome of the coming fight is as yet by no means clear. Government officials are not at all concerned about justice, they have public money and prostituted academics to support them, and they have lots of power.

John Remington Graham is the author of A Constitutional History of Secession.

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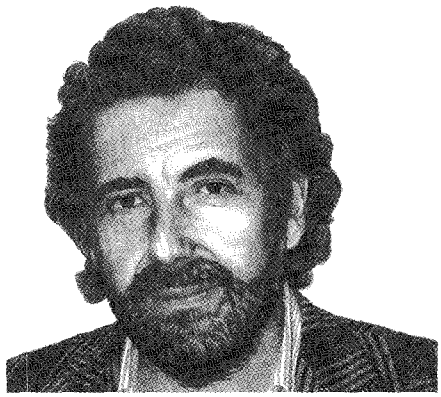
by Andrei Navrozov

The Brazilian Cow



In the middle of the 19th century, Sydney Dobell wrote a poem that contained the following line: "Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!" This excursion into the absurd *c.* 1850 is readily recognized by readers of American poems or novels *c.* 1950 as a cry of the soul in torment. The sources of the putative torment, qualitatively speaking, were as multifarious as they are irrelevant to the present discussion, ranging from Capitalism to Autocracy, from Woman to Machine, from Vivisection to Sapphism.

The relevant reading, which perforce places Dobell's decalogue of histrionic exclamation in an historical context, is the quantitative one. The literary epoch that had made him a writer was the habitat of the periodic sentence, as illustrated by a classic passage, *c.* 1800, from Ann Radcliffe's *Romance of the Forest*:

> While he was declaring the ardour of his passion in such terms, as but too often make vehemence pass for sincerity, Adeline, to whom this declaration, if honourable, was distressing, and if dishonourable, was shocking, interrupted him and thanked him for the offer of a distinction, which, with a modest, but determined air, she said she must refuse.

Against this background of ratiocination, Dobell's bleating lapse into absurdity must be viewed as a rare event, roughly equivalent to an indecent misprint in a national newspaper or a midair collision in aviation.

Until very recently the absurd was a bedfellow of the irrational. As the air controller's unfaithful wife or the proofreader's repossessed motorcycle were responsible for the ensuing tragedy or the preposterous headline, so, too, were the inarticulate cry of the poet's broken heart and the playwright's foul-mouthed diatribe against society at large the irrational products of profound emotional upheaval. Yet for the generation now living and reading, the absurd is the mouthpiece of reason.

Evropa is a glossy arbiter of style for New Russians frequenting the spas and ski resorts of Old Europe. I hasten to assure skeptics that my translation of the following passage is scrupulously accurate:

> "Never stay in one place and be creative," that is the credo of the young manufacturer of designer carpets KYMO whose collections bear the names of such music classics as Techno and House and whose products adorn the floors of HUGO BOSS and MONTBLANC boutiques. A new hit is the rug from the fur of the Brazilian cow.

You see? *Evropa* is a magazine for serious, worldly, rational people. Conservatively dressed thugs, impeccably realistic politicians, authors of plausible pyramid schemes, mobsters' abstemious spinster sisters, secret policemen's privately educated daughters, and swindlers' gold-digging wives are among its readers. These people keep their money in small unmarked bills under designer mattresses and rob widows and orphans as if human misery were going out of style and Bernie Madoff were Secretary of the Treasury.

They are tough, ruthless, and supremely rational. And yet the above passage, in a magazine fashioned expressly for them, like a bespoke pair of slippers, from the rarest cow fur that Brazil has to offer to the traders of Muscovy, would not be out of place in a futurist proclamation by Burlyuk *c.* 1920 or in an incomprehensible play by Beckett *c.* 1950. It reads like an homogenized parody of all rational utterance from Aristotle to Darwin.

When Molière parodied the rationality of a physician, his audience understood that he was satirizing a rogue, a pompous impostor, an insult to the medical profession, but above all a concrete exception. In Beckett, absurdity has been wed to mankind as a whole, with the result that for modern readers from the Adirondacks to the Urals, brought up on the dim echoes of what passes for high culture, any logic inherent in Radcliffe's exemplary sentence is just as puzzling and obscure as any outright nonsense from the pen of an *Evropa* hack.

"Cows haven't got fur?" exclaims the generic reader of *Any Magazine*, furious to be confronted with what is allegedly a fact of zoology. Then, fixing her makeup in a Chanel compact: "Well, maybe in Brazil they do! I mean, it's just a matter of how soft the hair is. Besides, this English lady, writing in that book of hers a hundred years before they had electricity, don't get me wrong, I love all those old things, my husband and I went to Morocco on our honeymoon, but anyway, this Adeline says that whatever her boyfriend was telling her, his declaration could be dishonorable.

"Now, what the hell does that mean? Because how can you say that some guy's declaration is dishonorable? I mean, he wasn't stealing from her, was he? And if this guy can say a thing that's dishonorable, why can't the other guy you're talking about, the guy from the magazine, why can't he be allowed to say that cows got fur? That's why I love America so much. It's a free country. Not like Russia."

Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! ◁

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MUSIC

Bruce Springsteen

by Christopher Sandford

For the life of me, I can't see why anyone under the age of, say, 55 would want to listen to Bruce Springsteen, never mind revere him as a deep and important artist, or pay upward of $200 to be crammed into a football stadium to attend one of his concerts. Surely the only pertinent use for Springsteen was as an interim stage in rock music's passage from tuneful banality to today's relentless diet of screwed-up nihilism and phony salves. His 1975 album *Born To Run* was perfectly timed for those of us coming to terms with the fact that the likes of The Beatles, The Rolling Stones, and Bob Dylan had all either broken up or succumbed to self-parody. Even then, it's sometimes forgotten that many of the more artistically pristine reviewers savaged the record. Springsteen was to earn the critical yappings and shin-bitings that invariably seem to greet a shamelessly commercial, and successful, product like *Born To Run*. "The album is as stiff as a frozen mackerel," said the supposedly influential trade magazine *Creem*. To one British publication, "Most of the songs are clichéd, as if he wrote them to suit the bank manager . . . Hideous . . . The strength, spontaneity and visceral rush of the early music are gone." This was a theory heard frequently among Springsteen's few but intensely loyal first-wave fans, who suddenly saw the masses coming up behind them, fast.

A third of a century later, Springsteen is out there again, stretching his stiff joints one more time into "Rosalita" and the rest, a synonym for nostalgia. The crowds still pack the shows out of residual respect, if not awe, much as they might visit an historical monument, whatever its current state of disrepair. In the *Born To Run* era, Springsteen's live performances were famously free-form affairs in which he functioned as a sort of human jukebox, hustling out not only his own songs but a generous selection of covers of the likes of Chuck Berry and Elvis Presley. Today, those moments of contingency and punch have long since been lost in what has become a tightly scripted recollection of youthful rebellion. A significant part of the audience now experiences the Springsteen phenomenon by parting with the equivalent of a week's salary for the privilege of aiming a pair of binoculars at a distant video screen. The accompanying marketing blitz is robust, even by rock-music standards, and customers are invited to supplement their ticket purchases by buying everything from machine-signed lithographs to shot glasses. With the exception of The Rolling Stones, nobody does decline-management quite like Springsteen does. Perhaps as a result, he remains one of the half-dozen most consistently popular attractions in the music industry. To put this achievement into context, one has perhaps to imagine how it might have felt if, in 1969, the year in which the young Springsteen burst onto the scene, the major box-office draws had been Rudy Vallee and other Jazz Age crooners who sang through a megaphone.

Springsteen was born on September 23, 1949, in Freehold, New Jersey, of Irish-Italian descent. By all accounts, he enjoyed the classic rock-star upbringing, with a musical and endlessly indulgent mother and an embittered, fitfully employed father who banged angrily on the wall whenever his adolescent son practiced the guitar in his bedroom. Springsteen survived rather than excelled at Catholic school and lasted only a few desultory months at the nearby community college. A crisis presented itself in the summer of 1968, when he was turning 19 and was summoned to an Army conscription interview, with the prospect of an eventual posting to Vietnam. Springsteen later said that he had beaten the draft by pretending to be a homosexual, but this was perhaps to exaggerate his own role in the proceedings. According to the military archive, he was rejected because he was classified 4-F, physically unfit for service, as a result of having twisted his knee in a motorcycle accident. Within a year or two, Springsteen had both a group, the E Street Band (named after the Belmar, New Jersey, address of one of their rehearsal rooms), and a recording contract. Fame struck in 1975, with the release of the *Born To Run* album and single. That October, Springsteen simultaneously graced the covers of *Time* and *Newsweek*, making him the first nonpolitician to receive the American media's ultimate accolade, with much accompanying discussion elsewhere about his having singlehandedly saved rock music from its headlong decline into triteness and cultural irrelevance. The two concerts he played later that year in London (which I attended) had the British music press stroking their collective stubble and writing headlines such as "Re-mythologizing Americana." They were fairly good shows, too. I took to Springsteen because of his rather old-fashioned songs, his obvious sincerity, and his vulnerable, quirkily engaging look. (He was wearing a hat the size of a throw pillow). I felt that if I'd met him in school, I would have wanted to make friends with him. He seemed at that time a serious working musician rather than the ritualized "Boss" to whom presidents would later pay court.

As Springsteen was to remark, "it couldn't get any better" than was the case by late 1975, and it didn't. What it got, of course, was bigger. After an acrimonious change of management, Springsteen emerged as a commercially radio-friendly recording artist—with no less than seven hit singles culled from his 1984 *Born in the USA* album—whose live performances saw

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him take the role of a massively amplified aerobics instructor supervising his stadium-sized class. In just over a year, 5.2 million fans paid to see Springsteen's shows. President Reagan mentioned him in a speech. When the tour ended, Springsteen married a model and sometime actress named Julianne Phillips. He wrote a bittersweet album about their tempestuous marriage called *Tunnel of Love* and then, on the tour for the new album, his marriage falling apart, took up with his background singer Patti Scialfa. Phillips filed for divorce in late 1988; after the divorce was granted in March 1989, Springsteen and Scialfa made the, to some, baffling decision to move to Beverly Hills. (They would be married in 1991 while Scialfa was pregnant with the second of their three children.) More shocking than even this apparent lapse in taste, perhaps, in 1989 Springsteen fired the E Street Band and went on tour with newly hired musicians. Possibly as a result, he performed to empty seats for the first time in 15 years.

Since the mid-1990's, there have effectively been two Bruce Springsteens: the aging frat-house rocker who, once again backed by the E Street Band, is content to recycle his former glories on a seemingly never-ending progress of the world's sports arenas, and the "sawdust Steinbeck" who is known to sit in clubs with an acoustic guitar and rasp out ballads about hobos and the Great Depression. Whether anthemic or not, Springsteen's songs in general have a peculiarly clenched quality, in which the tune is a mere runway from which to launch toward the clear-sky freedom of a peak-volume chorus. There is a kind of sameness even to his improvisations—a little singalong part at the start of a number to whet the appetite, then a choreographed audience participation section in the middle, typically light on melody but goosed up by a rhythm section that makes the likes of The Who or The Stones sound polite by comparison. Now in its late middle age, Springsteen's yowling foghorn of a voice is as extreme and powerful as any instrument you'll hear on a rock-music stage, but his are not the sort of songs you hum to yourself on the way home afterward.

Notwithstanding his harmonic shortcomings, Springsteen has attracted an unusually devoted following over the years, as anyone who writes a mildly critical biography of him will find. I took this path in 1999, and for my pains still receive a regular supply of fans' indignant letters, not untypically composed in red ink and apparently written in short bursts of manic energy around the edges of the paper, so that often one has to turn the page through 360 degrees to read all of it. Many if not most of the correspondents appear to be drawn to Springsteen as much as a political figurehead as a moderately gifted, industrious musician. It's a somewhat curious phenomenon, as Springsteen seems to me to have, at best, a kind of facile, adolescent knowingness, resembling nothing like proper, ordered knowledge, let alone the kind of instinctive wisdom one might seek in the leader of an international cult. In 1976, a British journalist named Ray Coleman asked him if he were "politically minded" or "studied world events." "No," said Springsteen. He voted in his first presidential election in 1984, when he was 35. Springsteen did, in time, proceed to a familiar litany of Republican ills, and, judging from his song lyrics, increasingly adopted a view of life in the late 1980's as rigidly divided into rich parasites and jolly peasants. This Manichean take on human nature still seems not to have made Springsteen a liberal in the ideologically pristine sense of the word. Rather, he was romantically attached to certain personal principles that were not necessarily owned by the left or right. After two terms of Ronald Reagan's presidency, Springsteen still felt able to insist, "I'm just a singer; I don't get involved in that stuff," when asked about his party affiliation. Two weeks before the 1988 election, Springsteen remarked, "I'm not registered . . . I don't think along those lines." As late as 2001, he told the London *Times*, "I don't sit down and think, I've got a message or I've got something I gotta say about the state of the Union." He was, he added, "nobody's poster boy."

Indeed, in his belief in *noblesse oblige* and his frequently aired doubts about the usefulness or desirability of big government, Springsteen was, if anything, a Tory in the classic sense. Around 1984, he began to include as a regular part of his North American concerts a brief appeal on behalf of the community's nearest soup kitchen or food bank. After the show, Springsteen frequently made time to advise the group's local organizers on how best to proceed. The director of the Seattle-based Northwest Harvest told me that he had been quite insistent about her seeking to "involve everyone who could conceivably help, including the indigent, and not just rock stars like himself." More a collection of neighborly gestures than a moral argument or philosophical narrative, Springsteen's politics never really grappled with the question so often posed by commentators in the post-Watergate decades: "What's wrong with America?" It seems fair to say that for the most part Springsteen was content to leave formal pol-

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icymaking of that nature to a brain trust composed of such formidable intellects as his manager Jon Landau and the sometime pop journalist Dave Marsh, and restricted himself to reading out their words when called upon to speak at an awards ceremony or any other public function. When, on occasion, Springsteen did depart from the agreed text, his comments tended not to be distinguished by their Wildean wit or nuanced oratorical subtlety. "Don't vote for that [expletive] Bush," he advised a concert audience in 1988, referring to that autumn's election, having earlier endorsed Jesse Jackson for president.

In fact, driving any Springsteen biography worth its salt is the essential tension between the utopian political effusions and their practical implementation (or wretched distortion). This, in turn, requires some acknowledgement of the humanizing contradictions that as a general rule apply to rock stars no less than the rest of us. In September 1979, Springsteen broke off in the middle of a New York concert as part of the Musicians United for Safe Energy (or "No Nukes") collective to harangue a press photographer named Lynn Goldsmith, who was standing in the front row of the audience taking pictures of him. The couple had previously enjoyed a close social relationship but had fallen out. Springsteen threw down his guitar, jumped into the crowd, grabbed Goldsmith, and manhandled her back onto the stage. She told me that he had twisted her arm so hard that she thought it would break. Springsteen then leaned toward the microphone, snarled "This is my ex-girlfriend," and propelled her into the wings. At that, various muscular representatives of the road crew escorted Goldsmith to the exit. In the words of *Rolling Stone*, "After the show, a clutch of roadies could be heard shouting 'macho Bruce!' Several women standing backstage were shocked. Goldsmith was intensely humiliated by the experience."

In June 1984, Springsteen released *Born in the USA*, then set out on a tour in which he appeared in front of a vast diorama dominated by an American flag. Twenty-five years later, he was to be denounced by a pop-eyed Bill O'Reilly on FOX News as "unpatriotic." Springsteen's offense had been to remark of the veteran folk singer Pete Seeger, "He remains a stealth dagger to our country's illusions about itself. He sings all the verses all the time, especially the ones that we'd like to leave out about our history as a people." O'Reilly may have overreacted (a not-unheard-of development), but it does seem reasonable to ask whether Springsteen always takes his commitments to such causes as ecology and energy conservation, and indeed to the struggles of the working-class American, too personally. Quite apart from the $14 million home in Beverly Hills, there is the fact of his apparently permanent concert tour, with its roughly 200 band members and their families, roadies, managers, and associated entourage, all of which requires electricity and transportation. One might tentatively hazard the guess that Springsteen himself has access to a significantly larger number of high-performance vehicles than the average American and is also on terms of some familiarity with the concept of private-jet travel. Earlier this year he incurred the wrath of organized labor by choosing to release his latest greatest-hits package through Walmart, a company not currently in favor with the AFL-CIO and similar groups. Springsteen's blue-collar credentials were most obviously challenged in 1991, when two former employees went to court to sue him for what one plaintiff described as "massive violations of labor laws which resulted in our being cheated out of hundreds of thousands of dollars," a claim Springsteen contested and which was eventually settled without a trial. Whatever the merits of that particular case, it might fairly be said that no one makes a living as an entertainer for 40 years, as Springsteen has, without a certain sense of resolve and an overall command of his organization. His colleagues did not nickname him "The Boss" for nothing.

At 60, Springsteen remains a hard-working and commercially successful rock musician. We do neither him nor ourselves any favors by seeking to elevate him beyond that.

Christopher Sandford is a Seattle-based journalist and author. His biography of Roman Polanski is currently available.

MANHOOD

Men in Power

by Nicole M. Kooistra

In March, Steve Saltarelli, a junior Law, Letters, and Society major at the University of Chicago, wrote a satirical article for the student newspaper, the *Chicago Maroon*, entitled "Men in Power." The subtitle read, "True equality means groups that advocate for men as well as women." In the article, Saltarelli jokingly proposed founding an advocacy group that would accomplish for men what similar groups accomplish for women:

> Additional upcoming events will include an open-mic night on issues concerning body image, a tutorial on barbecuing, and our much-anticipated workshop "Protecting What's Yours: Drafting a Prenuptial Agreement." . . . Through our fishing, hunting, and flag-football retreats, we hope to cultivate close relationships with many individuals and organizations in different sectors of power—including business, politics, and academia.

Saltarelli garnered so much positive student feedback that he founded a group called Men in Power shortly thereafter.

Instead of teaching men how to throw a tight spiral or fire a Glock, MiP aims to offer "a unique opportunity for undergraduate men at the University of Chicago to expand and sharpen their knowledge of business, politics, and networking—giving them

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the skills they will need to become future leaders of the world." In interviews with FOX News, MSNBC, and others, Saltarelli, usually facing irritated female hosts, stressed that his group was not about male domination but about helping men his age deal with such issues as the higher occurrence of suicide among men, the fact that men graduate from college at a lower rate than women, awareness of men's health issues, *etc.*

Reaction to Saltarelli's group has been mixed. While some hail MiP's agenda as unnecessary and "misogynistic," many others have lauded it as a necessary and much-delayed reaction to militant feminism.

Saltarelli and the Men in Power were probably aiming for something good—a reinstatement of their masculinity in the face of their university's feminazi agenda. They recognized that there is something deeply wrong with a school that sponsors ten women's advocacy organizations and hosts a "gender studies" program. If nothing else, MiP's founding suggests that many young men and women (the organization includes several female members) have become tired of reading Kate Chopin and listening to their professors rant about the suppression of women, and they wanted to send a message to the University of Chicago.

So, what did they do?

Exactly what women have been doing since the heyday of the suffragettes. They formed an advocacy group—someplace where they could go and develop professional contacts, find out how to write good résumés, and learn about prostate cancer.

Universities are not places where men can learn how to be men. They are bastions of 1970's-style feminism where male students have little choice but to toe the politically correct line or get lynched after class. Dominated more and more often by female faculty, universities also tend to have more female than male students—something that college guys might appreciate, but not something that helps them learn the things they need to learn. No wonder MiP responded the way it did. Any other method might have got them suspended.

Still, it would have been better if Saltarelli's article were written in earnest—and if MiP followed the article's plan. Imagine a campus organization where guys actually learned how to do guy stuff—play tackle football, grill, shoot guns, pitch a tent, fish and hunt. They could learn how to dress like guys, too. No pink Oxford shirts allowed. Such a group would have had practical benefits.

A few years ago, a friend of mine—one of the presiding officers of his fraternity—became concerned about the number of perfectly groomed, cologne-scented, pink-shirted guys in his house. He and the other members of the executive board instituted a mandatory weekly Flannel Day. Something more like Flannel Day and less like NOW is what the men at the University of Chicago and places like it need.

Nicole M. Kooistra is Chronicles' *Assistant Editor.*

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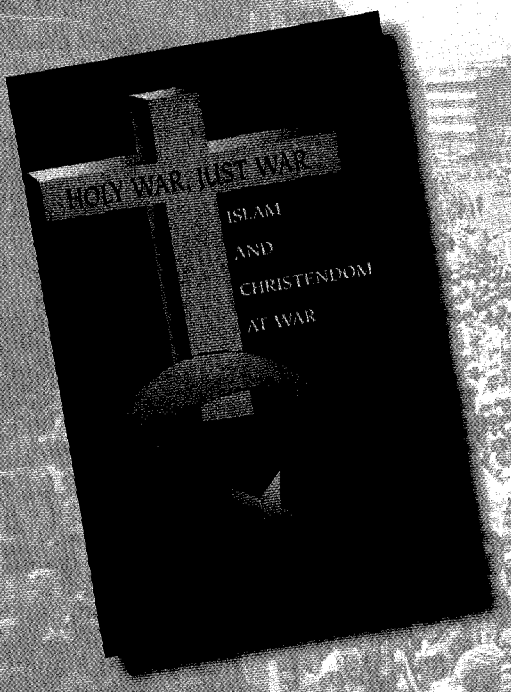

Holy War, Just War

Islam and Christendom at War

by Roberto de Mattei

"The term 'clash of civilizations' is not a palatable one in political and media circles," writes Roberto de Mattei, but it is the only proper framework for understanding how the fundamental theological differences between Christianity and Islam inform the way their adherents wage war. In this important work, he explains these differences with careful scholarship and defends with eloquence the "lawfulness of war against an enemy who is attacking the West, with the aim of establishing a moral and social order that is radically opposed to our history and tradition."

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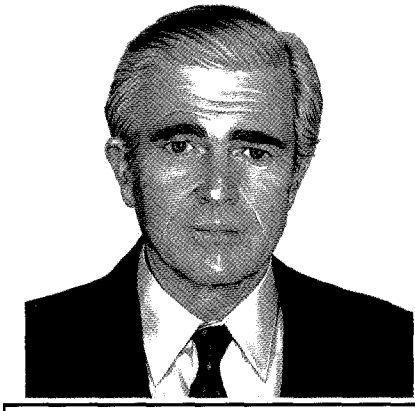
by George McCartney

Reporting and Deciding



The Hurt Locker
Produced by First Light Production and Kingsgate Films
Directed by Kathryn Bigelow
Screenplay by Mark Boal
Distributed by Summit Entertainment

At last we have a movie that makes us feel the full obscenity of the Iraq war. Other films have been well intentioned but have either given in to the temptation to preach (*Lions for Lambs*) or taken aim at the wrong targets (*In the Valley of Elah* and *Redacted*). *The Hurt Locker* takes an entirely different tack. Putting aside sermons and accusations—well aimed or not—it plunges us into the war with all the fervor of an obsessed documentarian and lets events speak for themselves. It does what FOX News pretends to do: It reports and lets us decide. Only the title expresses a political position, and it's quite indirect at that, since the term *hurt locker* is never spoken in the film. It's a slang expression, meaning to put someone in a painful situation from which there's no immediate escape. "If you don't stop harassing me, I'm going to put you in the hurt locker." It serves director Kathryn Bigelow's purpose perfectly. By pursuing our gratuitous Middle East adventure, she suggests, we have allowed ourselves to be put in a hurt locker, and now we're stuck there.

I use the first-person plural *we*, but that's only to say that we have all been implicated in this war, not that we've all shared equally in its hurt. Still, most of us have at the very least experienced the anxiety of knowing young people who have gone to Iraq. They're the ones, of course, who have really been slammed into this locker. Bigelow doesn't bother to say why they have been put there. Her film has no big revelatory declamations, no angry denunciations of political deceit. All of that goes unspoken. Maybe she thinks that, if we can't crack the locker's combination of shameless mendacity and scurrilous manipulation perpetrated by our domestic living-room warriors, we deserve to stay locked up a while longer.

Bigelow is known for her well-made but ditzy action adventures, including *Point Break*. But here she's put aside cheesiness and chosen to work with dedicated journalist Mark Boal, who had joined a group of exceptional young soldiers on their Baghdad missions in 2004. These were members of the EOD (Explosive Ordnance Disposal), tasked with disarming roadside bombs or, as the Army has it, IEDs—Improvised Explosive Devices. (The Army is nothing if not dispassionately Latinate and antiseptically acronymic in its refusal to say directly what's at issue.) These men are supposed to find and defuse bombs hidden in the dirt roads, in abandoned cars, under piles of seemingly stray litter, and sometimes sewn into the body cavities of the dead, bombs set to be detonated by timers, cellphones, tripwires, or the simple bad luck of a thoughtless misstep. Protect the innocent from the fanatically demented—that's what the EOD is supposed to do on its IED hunts.

By focusing on a team of three EOD volunteers, Bigelow and Boal have been able to bring the war into pointed focus. From the moment we invaded, all of Iraq became one big IED, with an ever renewable charge. It's blown up again and again despite our troops' best efforts to defuse it. It's killed 4,300 Americans, and no one knows how many hundreds of thousands of Iraqis. And the real hell of it is that many Iraqis seem to accept the situation. They live in a culture that continues to think it honorable to kill over a dispute regarding the caliphate succession dating to Muhammad's death in A.D. 632. When Muslims haven't been enthusiastically enslaving and slaughtering Jews and Christians, they have followed the commands of their religion of peace and thoroughly enjoyed putting one another, Shia and Sunni, to the sword. Or IED. And now because of the historical illiteracy of the Bush administration, we have deployed innocent young Americans to protect these people from their own imbecilic ferocity. Furthermore, even as our troops go about their work, they're being targeted by the people they're trying to save. Hurt lockers don't come more painful than this.

Coming abruptly into the war *in media res*, Bigelow's camera introduces us to the EOD squad patrolling Baghdad's shattered streets. There's Sgt. J.T. Sanborn (Anthony Mackie), Sp. Owen Eldridge (Brian Geraghty), and their new leader, SSgt. William James (Jeremy Renner) who has come to replace the squad's late leader, a casualty of an IED that went off before he could get away from it. (All the actors are relatively unknown, which helps them be all the more convincing. It doesn't hurt either that each is quite talented, especially Renner, who seems to have been born for his role.) James is the kind of soldier that commanders love and colleagues loathe. He's utterly fearless in the execution of his job. He's done it so often—Boal has reported that EOD squads defuse ten to twelve bombs per day—that he's become recklessly self-assured. There's no bomb he won't approach, no tangle of detonator wires he won't pick apart. While the others maintain anxious surveillance, he goes about his precarious work with a big can-do American smile. He's undoubtedly skilful and

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has the aplomb to think clearly under enormous pressure. What's more, he thoroughly enjoys tinkering with the bombs as if they were particularly ingenious puzzles. But his men know that the only reason he's still breathing is his seemingly inexhaustible fund of dumb luck. Coming upon a car laden with hundreds of pounds of explosives wired to two detonators, a decoy and the real thing, he takes off his padded protective gear. "If I'm going to die," he quips, "I'm going to die comfortable." Left unsaid but obvious is that there's no amount of padding that could save him or his subordinates should the bomb go off. His men look at one another in dismay, the black Sanborn clearly thinking that this cracker is going to get them all killed. As Sanborn and Eldridge pull back to patrol the perimeter, James takes off the headphones that are supposed to keep him in contact with his men in case they need to warn him of an impending insurgent attack or a cellphone detonation. He wants to concentrate. Afterward, the thoroughly frazzled Sanborn takes the liberty of punching James in the jaw to make his displeasure known. James takes the insubordination in stride. Rather than bringing Sanborn up on charges, he satisfies himself later that night by engaging Sanborn in a stomach-punching contest, which he wins handily. James knows he's a trial to others, but he's not going to change. He keeps a box of detonators he's taken from the bombs he's defused to remind him of the many times he's escaped death. There's only one device from which he has not fully escaped: the legal document he also keeps in his box of switches and wires. It proclaims his divorce from the woman who nevertheless continues to live with him when he's home, along with their infant son. This man, so intimate with death, has real difficulties with living.

By naming this cheerful bomb technician William James, Boal seems to be signaling that he's the pragmatist's pragmatist. He doesn't consider why, only *how*. When Sanborn asks him why he keeps risking his life, James can only answer, "I don't know; I don't think about it." His commanding officer loves his attitude. "You're a wild man, soldier. A wild man," he chortles. In response, James just beams with aw-shucks pride. This guy could hardly be more useful to those in charge. Draft-dodger Dick Cheney would love him to death, if not beyond.

The Hurt Locker doesn't need to give us the big speech about the futility of war. Its details say it all. The film's climax comes when the squad penetrates an insurgents' lair. In the claustrophobic warren of rooms, there are shelves of chemicals and ordnance, a video camera on a tripod evidently to film suicide bombers professing the purity of their motives, and the corpse of an Iraqi boy whom James recognizes. He had been the feisty kid who was selling pirated DVDs at the American base, a 12-year-old with whom James occasionally kicked a soccer ball about. What he discovers next and what he does about it will stay with me for a bad long while.

As my friends and acquaintances will energetically attest, I am not a sentimental man. Nevertheless, there were moments in this film when my eyes smarted with sorrow and anger. I felt profoundly embarrassed to be an American whose taxes support this wretched enterprise. Bigelow moves us not with Hollywood heroics but with a series of quietly harrowing scenes that feel incontestably authentic. Her slow pacing and close observation of ordinary men performing extraordinarily painstaking operations couldn't be more compelling. Even her explosions seem utterly convincing—not Hollywood fireballs but ground-shuddering dirt eruptions accompanied by slowly rippling car roofs that shatter and fling paint flecks into the hazy Iraq air. Filming in Jordan, she took the opportunity to hire actors from among the Iraqi refugees living there. This film is scrupulously faithful to things as they are. Even its depiction of American civilian life is impressive. There's a simply rendered scene near the end in which James, on leave, takes his not-quite-ex-wife to a gargantuan supermarket with their baby. He wanders into the cereal aisle, where he stares dazedly at the improbable seven-foot-high wall of candy-colored boxed selections that runs from the front to the back of the store. It's this wondrous American opulence for which he's been fighting, a bright display of absolutely non-nutritious freedom of choice.

My only complaint about *The Hurt Locker* is that it hasn't been put into wide release. But perhaps that's coming. I think it could draw large audiences. As well as being a minutely executed autopsy of our misguided Iraq mission, it's a riveting adventure of brave men putting their lives on the line for their country and one another. Everyone needs to see this movie.

I wonder if the usual blowhards—Bill O'Reilly and John Podhoretz and their kind—will try to kill Bigelow's film, denouncing it as a bomb, their favorite trope when discussing all the other Iraq war movies that have incurred their shabbily scripted and perhaps well-paid displeasure. Or will they dare? Doing so this time might bring them too close to ordnance that is likely to explode in their comfortable, well-fed faces.

Recently, the *New York Times* ran a front-page story by Benedict Carey, recounting an incident in Mosul. An American patrol had come upon a parked car in the 120-degree heat. Two kindergarten-age boys were looking at the Americans through its back window. When one of the soldiers requested permission to give the boys some water, Sfc. Edward Tierney instinctively commanded his men to fall back. Seconds later the car exploded. Shrapnel hit the would-be Samaritan in the face, and shock waves knocked the rest to the ground. Fortunately, none of the soldiers died, and the Samaritan's wounds were not that severe. The boys, however, were gone, almost surely unwitting martyrs to the cause of *jihad*. One can only imagine their adult handlers' grief and anger. After all, they had failed to lure the ridiculously sentimental Americans into a fatal trap. Our leaders, thankfully, have no time for tears. They are too busy selling this war to the public as a peacekeeping necessity. Some peace.

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by Chilton Williamson, Jr.

The Mystery of Animals

It seems that bipolarity is a significant element of human nature, mental as well as emotional. Human beings tend toward extremes in both thought and feeling, never more than when the subject of either is the animal kingdom with which we share our world. Most of mankind differentiates among animals as ferocious beasts, objects of sport, utilitarian biological machines, and pampered pets. Mankind itself is divided pretty much between humans who hate or fear animals and humans who have a genuine love for them, with only a small percentage in between who are indifferent to animals whether as a congeries of species or as individuals—largely because, living in an urbanized world, they know nothing of them. And, among those who love animals and have an interest in them, the division is equally stark. As someone with a wide familiarity with zoological parks, animal sanctuaries, their staffs, and their collections, I can say confidently that a great divide exists between zoo people who adopt a self-consciously "scientific" view of animals and others who take the "sentimentalist" one—those who feel an emotional attachment to individual animals, over and above a zoological interest in the species to which they belong.

"We do not know what animals are," C.S. Lewis wrote in *The Problem of Pain*, "or why they are." Seventy years later, we still don't know. Nevertheless, we know a great deal more than we did in 1940, when his book was published. Indeed, a huge body of highly informative scientific research in respect of animals has been compiled since World War II, most notably perhaps on the subjects of birds, monkeys, and elephants. Much of this is field work, the rest the result of experiments performed in laboratories or under controlled conditions. In both cases, the documented findings make a clear point. Animals are far more intelligent and complicated creatures than we had hitherto suspected them of being. At the beginning of the 21st century, we can fairly claim to have made real progress toward understanding *what* animals are. *Why* they are is a theological mystery that will not be revealed to us so long as this world—St. Paul's world "groaning in travail"—endures.

Lewis, in *The Problem of Pain* and elsewhere, contemplated the possibility that certain animals might possess souls that would win them immortality, attaining salvation by virtue of their affectionate incorporation with their human groupings. This notion, he hastened to add, was pure speculation on the part of a layman, not the considered opinion of a "real theologian"; even in letters Lewis made a responsible effort to dissuade his correspondents from wishful thinking that might also be heretical. That was prudent of him. Thomas Aquinas had denied that animals were soul-bearing creatures, including the higher and the highest animals. But neither Aquinas, nor Lewis seven centuries later, knew, as modern research suggests, that elephants may have a notion or concept of death, returning time and again to the spot where a comrade died or was shot by a poacher or culler, or where they had tossed or trampled a human victim. *Elephant Reflections*, an excellent new book by Dale Peterson, cites research into elephant calls and modes of communication by Katy Payne, who suggests that calls by females may be translated using the first-person plural—that female elephants have a sense of themselves as members of a communal group, while males are aware of their existence as individuals.

Setting aside the question of whether certain animals are worthy of salvation, there is no doubt whatever that they are educable—not just "trainable" but possessing the capacity to be "led forth" to a higher plateau of consciousness and understanding than that which we observe in their "natural" condition. Perhaps the most astonishing example is the subject of the most famous animal book ever written, *Born Free* by Joy Adamson, about her lioness companion. (I use the word *companion* advisedly.) Adamson, born in Vienna in 1910 and an accomplished painter of wildflowers, was the wife of George Adamson, for many years senior game warden in the Northern Frontier Province of Kenya. While hunting a man-eating lion, Adamson was compelled to shoot the lion's mate when she attacked his scouting party. The dead lioness had been lactating, and Adamson, after a brief search, discovered her three young cubs in a cavity beneath a large rock. He brought them home to his wife, who raised them in the house on a bottle. When the cubs, three females, were still juveniles, the Adamsons sent two of them to the Rotterdam Zoo but kept the smallest, named Elsa because she reminded Joy of her mother-in-law by her first marriage. When Elsa was about two, the Adamsons determined to return her to the wild. This feat they finally accomplished, after several unsuccessful efforts. Elsa learned to hunt, to live on her own, and she found a wild mate and had three cubs by him. But she never failed to show up in bush camp when the Adamsons drove out from Isiola and George fired his rifle to alert her to their arrival. Sooner or later she would dash into camp, throw herself in delight upon her human friends, and remain with them for days at a

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time. After her cubs were born, she refused to permit the Adamsons to follow her to the denning site. But when they reached the age of six weeks, Elsa proudly led her children across the River Ura into camp—just as a wild lioness would have introduced her young to members of her own pride. During her few remaining years (she died an untimely death at five of a parasitical infestation) Elsa lived a double life, passing gracefully and effortlessly from the natural existence of *Panthera leo krugeri* to human civilization, and back again. She ordinarily slept on a cot in George's tent or by his side on the ground, and frequently accompanied her human companions on Adamson's professional expeditions, riding on the roof of the Land Rover or, on longer excursions, atop a pile of camp gear in the cargo area.

Only four months before Elsa's death, Sir Julian Huxley and his wife, intrigued by her story, made the trip from England to Kenya to meet the principals. They saw Elsa, followed by the cubs, emerge from the bush and "[spring] toward Joy Adamson as toward an intimate friend, putting her great paws on Joy's shoulders and almost knocking her over with the vigor of her greeting." "You may quarrel," Huxley writes a few sentences later,

> with that word *personal* as applied to a mere animal. But . . . I insist that it is the right one. By a passionate patience and an understanding love, Joy Adamson succeeded in eliciting something in the nature of an organized personality out of an animal's individuality, its set of instincts strung on the simple thread of memory. . . .
>
> I find this not only interesting but moving. The story of Elsa . . . demonstrates the wealth of potentialities in higher mammals, waiting to be drawn out and elicited into actuality. And it shows that the best and perhaps the only method of eliciting those higher potentialities in any fullness is through emotional intelligent involvement, by way of what I have called understanding love.

It is tempting to regard Elsa as having been that close to human. For instance, disliking to be photographed, on one occasion she found Joy's box camera lying about and made off with it to a spot on the edge of camp, where she lay down with it between her paws and exercised her carnassials on the infernal instrument. This dislike extended, astonishingly, to being sketched. On a visit to Elsa's camp by Sir William and Lady Percival, she lay patiently within Joy's tent while Lady Percival worked with her sketch pad—until Joy left the tent to instruct the boys to bring tea. The instant she disappeared, Elsa arose, bounded over to the artist, knocked the sketch pad from her hands, and returned quietly to her place on the ground.

Good zoos provide far more than public entertainment. They are serious scientific institutions, dedicated to zoological research, conservation, education, and breeding animals matched for their highest genetic potential. And zookeepers and curators do not have the time for the kind of emotional, intelligent involvement that Mrs. Adamson was able to have with Elsa. Still, I wish that they *did*. And I regret that they seem to feel constrained to make a virtue of this, as if the Adamsons' work with Elsa (and generations of lions after her) were somehow "unscientific" and sentimental. Like everyone working with zoos, I'm frequently asked by the public if I feel sorry for the "captive" animals. My answer is no. (Are you sorry for your housecat within the confines of his comfortable home?) But I *do* feel for those animals who are capable of Elsa's achievement, yet lack the opportunity to realize their animal potential as she was able to do. And—risking *real* sentimentality here—I regret also that they have not the chance to attain the supernatural estate Lewis thought, or hoped, he glimpsed for the animals with whom he was personally acquainted.

Similarly, I often hear visitors deplore captivity on the grounds that it is against the animals' nature to be removed from a wild environment and confined in an artificial and restricted one; unnatural and therefore cruel. I have replied that *my* distant ancestors were wild too, and ran in the wild (I speak in more or less historical terms here, not the abstract ones of Rousseau's state of nature), but that I and all civilized people I know are both happy in our domesticated condition, and infinitely better off for it. If a human savage can be comfortably conformed to domestication, why not a savage lion? As, indeed, a great many lions have been. Rameses II rode his chariot into battle accompanied by Autom-nekht, who bowled over those of the enemy who approached too close to the pharaoh, and Caracalla's Acinaces sat at his master's side at the table and slept at night in the imperial bedroom. In recent times, Ralph Helfer, a supplier of Hollywood animals, slept in a specially reinforced bed with Zamba, who during the day gave Helfer's young daughter rides on his back and spent his evenings with her on the sofa watching Westerns on TV. On the other hand, anyone who has watched Animal Planet, or read at all in leonine literature—for instance, George B. Schaller's classic field study, *The Serengeti Lion*—knows that the life of a lion in the wild, a male lion in particular, is at least as nasty, brutish, and short as the life of a Kenyan citizen living in a Nairobi slum.

The public, of course, is sentimental. (It likes best of all to see *baby* animals.) So are PETA and the other bullying animal-rights organizations that would shut down all zoos—and "free" all pets. This helps explain perhaps why zoos are so often guilty, not of science, but of *scientism*—emphasizing the species over the individual, denying that animals can be more than bundles of instincts and "behaviors," that they have wishes or preferences, that they are endowed with anything like a higher nature, or the capacity to develop it. As one who's spent a life with animals—horses, cows, pigs, goats, dogs, cats, birds (domestic and exotic), snakes, turtles, and salamanders—I think I know better. At least I hope—even pray—that I do. ◁▷

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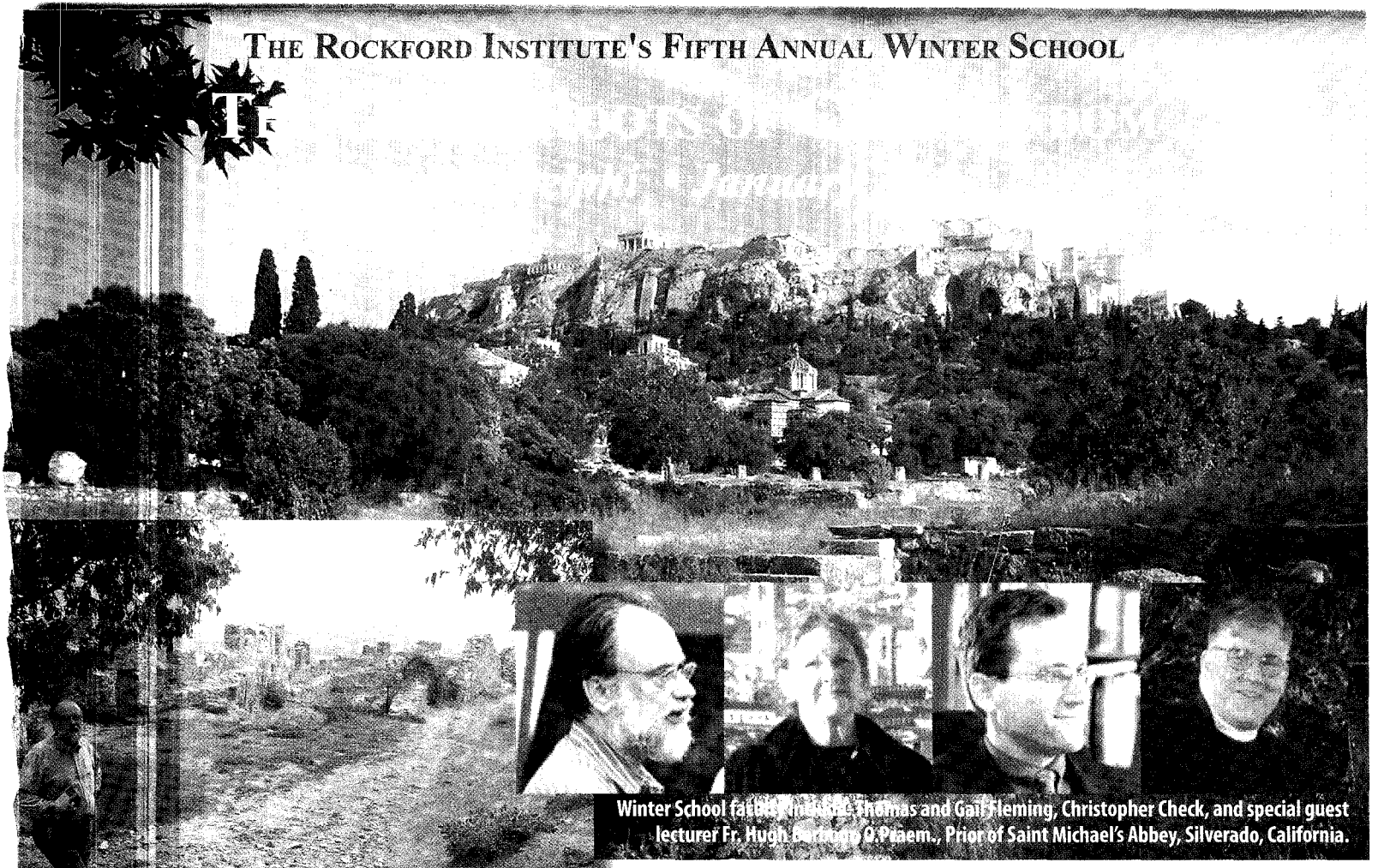
The Rockford Institute's Fifth Annual Winter School



Winter School faculty members Thomas and Gail Fleming, Christopher Check, and special guest lecturer Fr. Hugh [illegible] O.Praem., Prior of Saint Michael's Abbey, Silverado, California.

The price for the Winter School includes:

- seven nights' (arrive Jan. 20; checkout on Jan. 27) lodging at the Acropolis Select Hotel (*www.acropoliselect.gr*), a fully renovated, three-star hotel within walking distance of the Acropolis;
- daily breakfast; five group meals (either dinner or lunch);
- all lectures, discussions, and walking tours;
- selected entrance fees to museums;
- and a motor-coach excursion to Delphi.

Whenever the conversation turns to some fundamental institution of our civilization, we say, "The Greeks had a word for it." They did: philosophy and theology, mathematics and geometry, epic, tragedy, comedy, and history, politics, democracy—and demagoguery. The ancient Greeks invented or elevated all these arts and sciences. In the writing of history and philosophy, they have never been excelled. In tragedy and epic they have never been equaled.

Even Christianity owes a profound debt to the Greeks. Christian theology is Greek philosophy applied to Revelation in defense of the truth against the attacks of heretics. The arguments of Augustine and Ambrose, Athanasius and Basil, Thomas and Bonaventure, are inconceivable without the works of Plato, Aristotle, and Plotinus.

Join us as we explore the Greek mind and its greatest inventions: responsible self-government and political theory, tragedy and comedy, theology and philosophy.

Early-Bird Rates

Single	$1,495.00 EA	❑
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prices increase $200.00 after Sept. 15, 2009. Registration is limited. Previous Convivia have sold out. Registration fees are based on current exchange rates; the Institute reserves the right to assess a fee, should rates change significantly at the dollar's expense. The Institute will make every effort to help find roommates for students who wish to take advantage of the shared-double rate. If no roommate is available, the difference between the shared-double rate and the single-occupancy rate will be assessed.

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Full-time undergraduate and graduate students interested in scholarships, anyone interested in supporting the Institute's Scholarship Fund, and anyone desiring more information should contact: Christopher Check, executive vice president, at (815) 964-5811 or visit *www.rockfordinstitute.org/events*.

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The 20th Annual Meeting of the John Randolph Club

"The Future of America: Hell or Texas?"

November 13-14, 2009 • San Antonio

The John Randolph Club is going back to San Antonio to celebrate our 20th anniversary. Where better to argue for liberty than in Texas, where men and women have always fiercely defended their property, their families, and independence?

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A limited number of rooms are available at the Saint Anthony at the special rate of $139.00 single or double occupancy, breakfast included. Reservations must be made no later than Monday, October 12, 2009. Call (210) 227-4392 and mention The Rockford Institute to get the special rate.

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SPECIAL PRE-JRC PROGRAM: "Texas Grit"

Join us Thursday afternoon, November 12, for an historic San Antonio walking tour followed by a private reception and dinner. A second sightseeing excursion to the San Antonio Missions on the morning of Friday, November 13, will include lunch. Both meals will be followed by lectures on the brave Rangers and the bad gunmen—Wes Hardin and Clay Allison—who gave Texas a name for courage: grit!

Registration

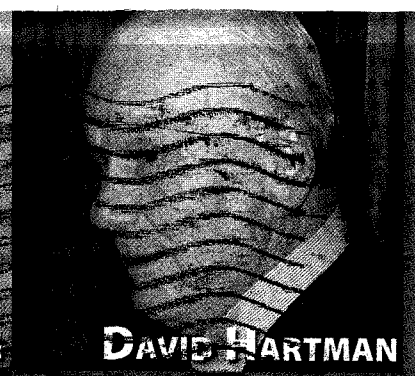
Pre-JRC Program: "Texas Grit" — $195.00
(Thursday afternoon sightseeing, reception and dinner; Friday motor-coach excursion to the San Antonio Missions and luncheon)

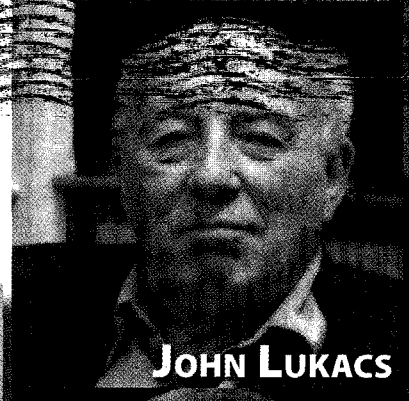
John Randolph Club Full Registration
(Friday evening reception and opening address, Saturday panels, Saturday evening banquet and program)
(JRC Member) $250.00
(Non-member) $275.00

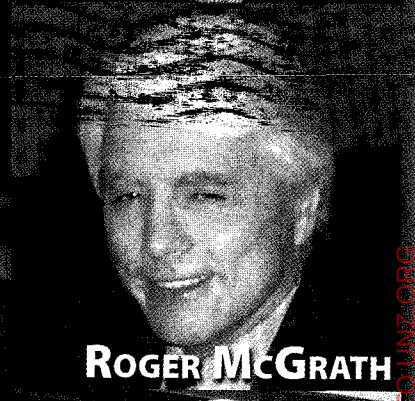
All registration prices increase $50.00 after September 15, 2009.

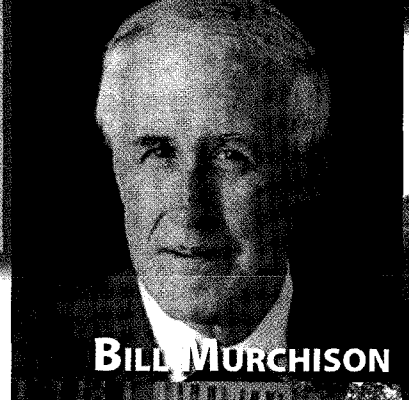
For student rates, panels-only rates, or other information, or to contribute to the Institute's scholarship fund so that worthy young students can attend this important event, contact Christopher Check at (815) 964-5811.

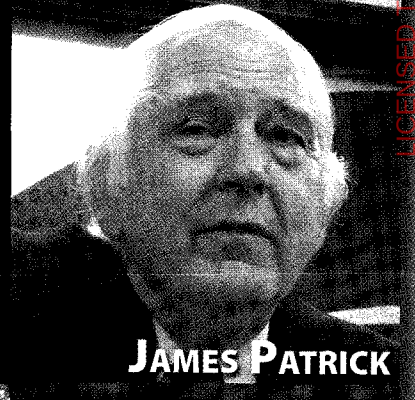
To register, call (800) 383-0680 · For more information, visit www.RockfordInstitute.org/events

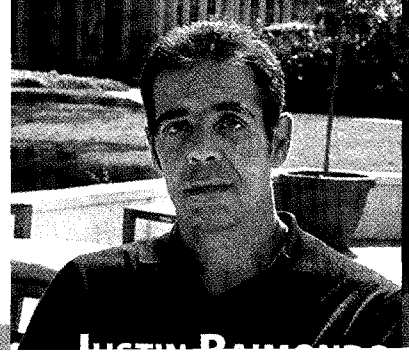


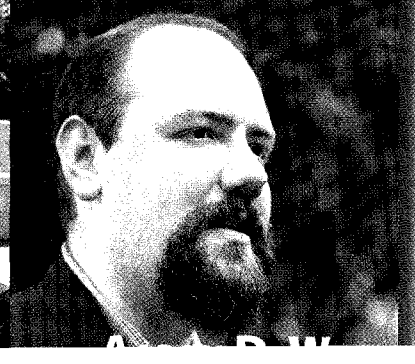












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